

# MICHIGAN FAIR

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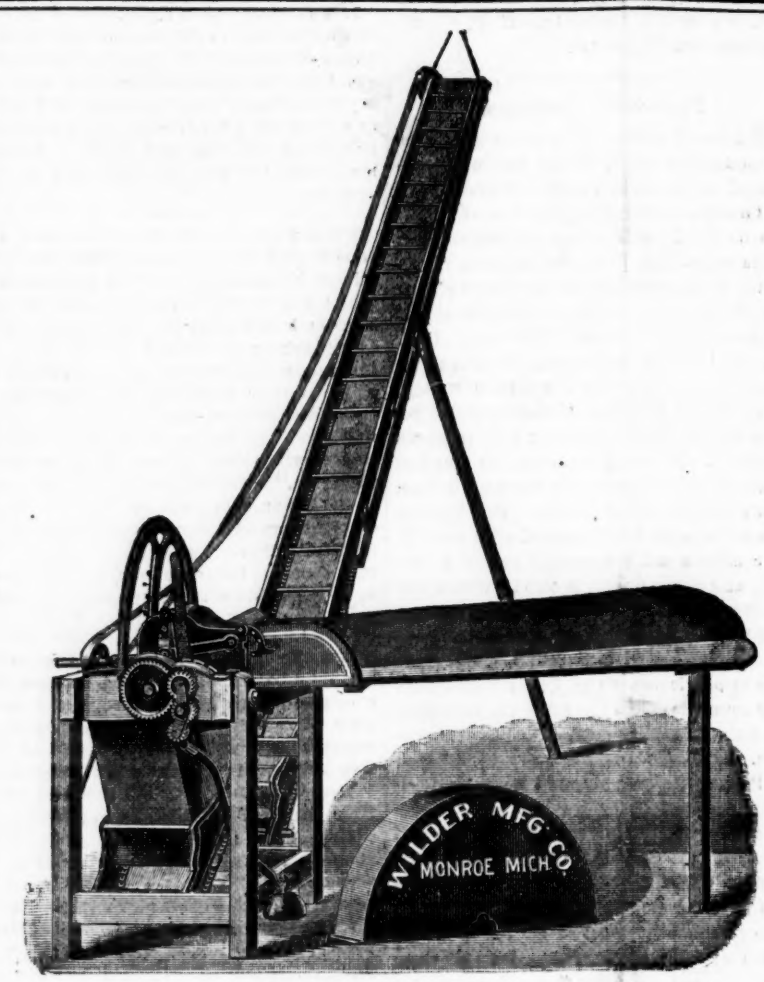
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### FOR THE ANTIPODES.

E. N. Bissell & Son, of Vermont, Preparing Another Shipment.

There was started from Ann Arbor on Monday last, a car-load of Merino sheep which are intended for Australia. The car goes through to Vermont, where the party will be prepared for its long journey. The shipment from Ann Arbor consisted of about 45 head, 33 of which were purchased in this State, and the balance in Ohio. The Ohio purchases were from the flocks of Messrs. Bell, Lake, Cook & Moore, Campbell and Thomas. Mr. Campbell went east in charge of the car.

The purchases in this State comprised 13 rams from the flock of A. A. Wood, of Hickory Grove Farm, Saline. Three of the older rams were sired by Trojan (J. T. & V. R. 525), three by Ajax (A. A. Wood 149), and two by other rams. The yearlings were a fine lot, and as they were shown in public this spring at the Saline shearing we give their records: No. 378, fleece, 19½ lbs.; No. 386, 18½ lbs.; No. 397, 21¼ lbs. Four of the rams were heavy shearers, and three of these were sired by Ajax and one by Trojan. Trojan (known as the Rich ram), was sired by Burr (J. L. Butolph 226), he by Broker (1454); dam, a straight Rich ewe sired by Banker (471). Burr, as a three-year-old, sheared in public, 364 days' growth, a fleece of 38 lbs. 13 oz., his previous fleeces being also shown in public. Trojan has been sheared each year in public, and last year at Saline sheared a fleece of 36 lbs. 4 oz.



A New Feed Cutter.

### SHIAWASSEE COUNTY FAIR.

Shiawassee this year held the best county fair in years—the finest both in the variety and extent of the exhibits in the various departments, and the most successful financially. On Thursday the extensive grounds were jammed with visitors, and the officers of the Society, which include some of the best farmers in the county, were feeling very pleasant toward every body.

The implement and machinery men were out in force, and made an excellent display. The halls were filled, and in the case of agricultural hall the display of grains, vegetables, and fruits was very good. No one, looking at the samples of potatoes, would think the crop was short or of poor quality. Wheat, barley, oats and clover seed were largely shown, and the samples very good.

In live stock it was the best show we have seen since the State Fair. Here are some of the exhibitors in the various classes: Short-horn cattle, Messrs. Brandon, Hibbard and Underwood. Hereford, T. T. De Witt, Middlebury, and John F. Turnbull, Orosco, Jersey, Quincy McBride, Burdon, and E. O. Dewey, Orosco. Holsteins, B. B. Hardy, Bennington, a beautiful herd, even and of fine quality. Galloways, F. M. Shepard, Orosco. There was also a number of cattle shown in the miscellaneous classes.

In sheep, Shropshires made a big show. C. F. Bingham, of Vernon, had some of his recent importation, with a few home bred ones. W. D. Underwood, Orosco; G. A. Horton, Orosco; D. W. Brands, Kerby; C. B. Grove, Shepardsville; H. Pierson, Bennington; E. W. Pearson, Vernon, were the other exhibitors, and together made an excellent showing for the breed. In Merinos, the Barnes Brothers, Byron; J. W. Hibbard, Bennington; A. Parmenter, Vernon, and W. Leffingwell, Orosco, gave the awarding committee ample opportunity to exercise their judgment.

### FEED CUTTING.

We print herewith a cut of the Wilder Mfg Co's new cutter for ensilage and feed, hay, straw and corn-stalks. Especially do we think that the present season is the time to economize in feeding. If 25 to 30 per cent can be saved to each farmer by grinding and cutting his feed it becomes necessary to look into the matter and get hold of the best machine for doing the work. If 15 cents per day will keep a horse at work on the street car lines of our cities by systematic feeding—according to their individual report—it would pay each of our patrons to send to the Wilder Mfg Co., of Monroe, Mich., not only for their best power cutter but also for their book on feeding, which contains the statistics of some of the largest feeders in the United States, showing how this feeding is done and the money saved. When this new cutter was made, the construction was so new, strange and simple that the *Iron Age* and the patent office paper investigated it and gave free advertisement of same, stating that it was the best patent yet produced for the work of cutting heavy feed at the minimum of power; and through this advertising, the company have introduced their cutter into England, France, Germany, and some of the islands. The company have greatly increased their facilities so they can turn out these cutters at the lowest cost; and are selling them direct to the farmers of our State. The Wilder Mfg Co., of Monroe, Mich., are not only willing to quote lowest prices direct to the farmers, but also to inclose their statistics on feeding, which are worth much to those who follow them. Be sure and write them for their information.

### INTERESTING TO CLOVER SEED GROWERS.

Serious Outbreak of the Clover Seed Caterpillar, *Graptolitha interstincta*, in Michigan.

BY F. M. WEBSTER.

About the middle of July last my attention was called to the ravages of some unknown insect pest in the clover fields of Kalamazoo and St. Joseph Counties, Michigan, by Dr. T. D. Hinebaugh, Veterinarian of the Indiana Experiment Station; and about this time to what appeared to be a similar but less serious depredation by the same insect in Ohio.

A box of infested clover heads received about the 20th from Miss Cora Hinebaugh, of Vicksburg, Michigan, revealed the depredator and its method of attack. In the case of the outbreak in Michigan, and as I have since observed at Lafayette, Indiana, the larvae burrow directly into the head, and between the seed and the receptacle, causing the head to cease to grow and turn brown. In Indiana, heads were usually inhabited by one or two larvae; but in Michigan fields as many as eight were not infrequently observed, while four were of common occurrence. The trouble was first observed in Kalamazoo County, about the first of June, the earliest heads being attacked even before in full bloom, some fields being damaged 95 per cent, while others appeared to sustain little injury. The Mammoth variety being uninjured. A second box, received from Miss Hinebaugh on September 3rd., was badly infested. This box was at once remitted to the Department of Agriculture and the adults were reared and the species determined for me by Dr. Riley. Adults were also reared here at Lafayette. In a single instance, here at Lafayette, I have found what appears to be the same species of larvae burrowing in the stem, below the head, after the manner of *Gortyna nitida*.

This insect was first discovered infesting the heads of red clover at Ithaca, N. Y., in

July, 1874, by Prof. J. H. Comstock. The damage at that time was not very serious, although from 15 to 30 per cent of the clover heads seemed to be infested; but one larva usually being found in a single head, but occasionally there were two. These larvae, according to Prof. Comstock, left the heads from the 10th to the 17th of July. The majority spun white cocoons on the flowers, to which were attached bits of grass and particles of the flower heads. The insect remained in the pupa state from 20 to 30 days, and the moths began to issue after the 13th of August. Early in May, 1879, specimens of the same moth were swept from the clover in the Department grounds at Washington, and on June 7th the first larvae were found. The results of these investigations were published in the Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture for 1880, page 254. Since this, so far as I know, the insect has not figured in the literature of Economic Entomology. The fields in Michigan indicate that it is capable of becoming a serious clover pest, here in the west, and that its work is likely to be confused, by the unentomological, with that of the clover seed midge.

For the benefit of those who have not access to Prof. Comstock's paper, I give a technical description of the insect in its various stages, that of the adult being by Mr. Grote and of the other by Prof. Comstock.

Larva: Length 8mm, subcylindrical, tapering slightly at each end; legs and prolegs normal. Color, dirty white, often with a greenish tinge; head, dark brown, trophic, black; prothoracic shield yellowish with a brown hind border interrupted in the middle. Body with many delicate whitish hairs. The dorsal piliferous tubercles of each segment arranged in two pairs, of which those of the anterior pair are closer together than the posterior pair.

Pupa: Length 5mm, moderately slender. Wings sheaths extend to sixth abdominal segment; antennae and posterior tarsal segments being a trifle longer. Dorsum of each visible abdominal segment except the last with two transverse rows of backward directed teeth, those of the anterior row being strongest. Anal segment blunt at tip, with six stout blackish curved hooks at its posterior border, two dorsal and four lateral, none ventral; also a number of very delicate hooked filaments. General color rather light brown, darker on wing covers and dorsum of thorax.

Adult: A tiny blackish silky species, resembling the European *compositella*, but with only two white lines on the internal margin of the primaries. Egg white oval marks disposed in pairs, crowded toward the black apices, and becoming straighter and shorter; the first pair more oblique and divaricate. A silvery subterminal streak runs from opposite the cell over the median nervules tapering to the internal angle. (This streak cannot be seen in some lights.)

(J. H. C.) Secondaries, fuscous with pale fringes. Beneath iridescent, greenish in certain lights, with minute costal dots over the outer half of the wings. Body scales beneath whitish.

Habitat: New York, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Michigan, Indiana.

As to remedies, Prof. Comstock recommends the cutting of the hay crop early in June, and thinks that this will, in all probability, destroy the majority of the immature larvae of the first brood.

EXPERIMENT STATION, LAFAYETTE, IND., September 29, 1890.

### REPLY TO MR. PAXTON.

UNION CITY, Mich., Sept. 28, 1890.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Some time ago there was a letter in the *FARMER*, written by Mr. Paxton, of McConnell's Mills, Pa., regarding the Black Tops and other breeds of sheep. Now, if I remember right, the letter ran something like this: "I am a little boy, thirty-five years old. Never had but one father or one mother. Went through blue blazes from '61 to '65; owned and bred the Black Top Merino sheep two years; sold them from twenty-five to one hundred and fifty dollars per head; at the end of two years the wool slipped off my sheep. Never defrauded a man in all my life; don't believe in fraud. Was a breeder of great note." &c. &c.

After a few weeks a Buckeye-Wolverine-Tankee over in southern Michigan called Mr. Paxton's attention to a couple of mistakes he had made in his letter. Well, about Sept. 2d, Mr. Paxton got up very early in the morning, got his implements together, jumped a straddle the war-path, and smote that man Harsh, hip and thigh, clear into the back lot; and then hints that the editor ought not to have allowed H. to say anything against the greatest and most prosperous register in the known world. When? Then Mr. Paxton proceeds to give a little advice with regard to good manners, which advice never got here. It never got out of his own house. Mr. Paxton says if H. had been on Ohio or Pennsylvania soil he would not have dared to use such language. H. lived in Ohio twenty-four years, and was always happy; expects to go there again about the 15th of October, and up to Washington Co., Pa., to buy a car-load of sheep. He will be at Gaylord, Washington, Canonsburg, and other places in the county, and will take a look at the Dickinson Black Tops. Mr. Paxton tells the public how H. came to get to Pennsylvania by another man paying his expenses, and selling him sheep at a low figure. Mr. Editor, mark that statement down close

by the side of the statement that Mr. P. made with regard to the Black Tops not carrying their wool over two years. Mark it No. 2. Then Mr. P. proceeds to tell the public something about H's honesty, &c., for which the people in Southern Michigan, no doubt, are very thankful. Then he gets in a bid for his ten dollar "stuff." We have none to sell.

Mr. Editor, allow me to say this in your valuable paper, and we will agree to stop this correspondence on our part for the present, and when we have a surplus of sheep to sell we will advertise in the *FARMER* and pay for it. We don't own the world. We don't expect to revolutionize the sheep industry of the State of Michigan, or any other State. We never made that statement; but we have said this, that a cross of the Improved Black Top Merino with the common American Merino, will give a stronger constitution, a larger carcass, a longer staple of wool, and more of it. And there we propose to let it rest, for we know we are right.

After thanking you very kindly for the kind and courteous manner you have treated us, we remain, Yours, L. L. HARSH.

[As each side has been heard on the points at issue, and future correspondence would necessarily be a reiteration of arguments already used, we shall now consider the controversy closed. We do this for another reason: After looking over the several varieties of delaine sheep which have adopted different names and issued registers, we cannot see any good reason why such distinctions should be made. They are all of the delaine type, come from the same source, and will be good or otherwise according to the skill and judgment of the men who breed them. Why not "get together," put all delaine Merinos into one register, and form an association of the breeders of all these varieties of the Merino? Would it not be good business sense, be a large saving of expense of publishing, and put an end to such controversies, which seem to get more bitter as they get older? It puts us in mind of the Dutch-Friesian and Holstein Registers, and the trouble they entailed on breeders. Since the union of the two the breeders have worked together harmoniously. No man, not even the breeders themselves, can tell whether one of these delaine sheep is a Dickinson, a Black Top, or an Improved Black Top. It all depends in which register they are recorded. Make a national register which will include all the other registers of delaine sheep, and stop all controversies over non-essential points, which only serve to unsettle the opinions of outsiders as to the value of these sheep.—ED. FARMER.]

### Hybridization of Wheat.

Within the last ten years considerable attention has been paid the hybridization or cross-breeding of wheat. By hybridization is meant mingling the life or blood of one variety with that of another, or, in other words, inculcating or grafting. Many kinds of grain and vegetables will readily mix when sown or planted near each other; but this is not the case with wheat. Any one may mix a dozen or more kinds of wheat together and sow them promiscuously on a piece of ground. At harvest-time each grain will be found to have produced a head of its own kind, and not one in ten million times will they hybridize or mix. In this way does sometimes happen, and in this way some of our most popular and productive kinds originated, such as the *Fultz*, *Cawson*, *Fulcaster*, *Valley*, *Martin*, *Amber*, etc.

It may not be generally known that there are sexual varieties of wheat (male and female) same as in animals and other plants. To hybridize or cross-breed these different kinds is a very laborious and difficult task, requiring great skill, a perfect knowledge of the habits and sexual habits of the plants, constant care, patience, and a long time to accomplish so as to get results to pay for the time and labor spent. Only a few persons in the United States have ever succeeded in artificially hybridizing or cross-breeding wheat, but in one or two cases the result has been highly satisfactory.

The Hybrid Mediterranean is the offspring of a cross between the *Diehl* and old-fashioned Mediterranean wheats, and was successfully accomplished by a gentleman living in the State of New York. It combines the best qualities of both its parents and is a valuable acquisition to our list of hardy and productive varieties.

Owing to the deterioration of the wheat crop in some parts of the British Empire, the Royal Horticultural Society of England offered a large sum for the hybridization of a certain number of varieties of winter wheats to be crossed with their own and other productive sorts from all parts of the world. This laborious and tedious task was undertaken by Carter & Sons, of England, undoubtedly the largest seed-growers in the world. Seven years were required to accomplish this object and to get seed enough to distribute in various sections of the world. But the time and labor have been well spent; they produced eleven distinct varieties which are the result of their hybridization. Many of these are remarkably early, valuable and productive sorts, which will undoubtedly in few years completely revolutionize the wheat culture of the world.

On the seed farms of Samuel Wilson, Mechanicsville, Bucks County, Pa., these eleven new hybridized varieties could be seen the past season growing side by side, and were admired by hundreds of people, many traveling long distances to see the beautiful and interesting sight.—*Kansas Farmer*.

### Flock Notes.

Mr. W. E. Anstenberg, of Homer, reports the sale of two Merino rams the past week.

W. J. GARLOCK, of Howell, was expert judge on Shropshire sheep at the Toronto Industrial Exposition.

The last winter's death loss of sheep in Wyoming was not much less than 33½ per cent of all flocks. Units and Sweetwater counties suffered the worst. The sheep owners have not been in the habit of providing hay or grain for their flocks. It is presumed in the future they will do so.

DR. B. F. MILLER while at the State Fair last week bought a fine two-year-old ram of Stone & Harris, Sonington, Ill. The animal is of the Oxforddown breed and is one of the flock which took first premium in that class at Detroit. Its sire was imported, and with a number of his get took first prize at the Buffalo International Exposition in 1890. The ram's weight is about 300 pounds, and he attracted much attention at the express office on his arrival Saturday.—*Flint Democrat*.

MR. GEORGE E. BRECK arrived at Paw Paw this week with upwards of 100 head of choice Shropshire sheep, which will immediately be put on sale at the Willow Stock Farm. He attended the great annual sales of such noted breeders of Shropshires as Messrs. J. Bowen Jones, J. Beach, Evans, Minton, Graham and Thomas, and purchased nothing but choice animals. In passage he sold to a Colorado importer. Our readers may expect to hear from these sheep both at shows and from flocks in which they may be used.

MR. G. L. HOYT, in this issue, offers for sale a bunch of young registered Merino ewes. They are good heavy shearers, containing a good deal of the blood of M. S. Sheldon (48), and his son Diamond. They are offered for sale only because his flock has got too large for his farm. Need we say that the present is a good time to start a flock? We think every one realizes that fact, and also that a flock of sheep on the farm is the best investment the young farmer can make who wishes to bring up his farm to a paying point.

Do you want the wool on your sheep to be thick or thin? If you would make the wool thicker you must use wrinkle bucks. The wool on smooth sheep is never so thick as on wrinkly ones of the same grade. From the average ewes of Bosque County there is no danger of raising lambs with too many wrinkles; it matters not how wrinkly bucks are. Wait until your wool is thicker before using this wool bux to avoid wrinkles. This is not written in self interest for I have 120 smooth bux for sale and they are as good as any man's smooth bux, but I write in the interest of the wool growing in Bosque County. Think of it.—*Bosque Citizen*.

WHILE in Michigan last week, Mr. E. N. Bissell, of Vermont, purchased a half interest (he wanted badly to make it a whole one) in a young ram. This ram, which will be known hereafter as *Perfection* (A. A. Wood 335) was bred by A. A. Wood, and sold a year ago to Mr. Rich, a son of Palo Alto, the well known breeder of Merinos. He was re-purchased by Mr. Wood about ten days ago, and will enjoy the distinction of being the first Michigan bred ram ever placed at the head of a Vermont flock. *Perfection's* sire was Ajax (A. A. Wood 149), he by Rip Van Winkle (H. S. B. 45), dam a straight Rich ewe by J. T. & V. R. 301. He is now two years old, and will be used some by Mr. Wood's flock this season before being shipped to Vermont. Mr. Bissell says he has been through the best flocks of four States, and this is the finest ram he knows of or ever saw. In form he is perfection, showing very straight lines, with a deep chest and greater breadth between the forelegs than we ever saw in a Merino. His legs are very straight, and he carries a fine staple of wool clear to his hocks. He has an excellent head and neck, good horns, very strong loin and a square hindquarter. We doubt if his form could be changed with advantage. His fleece covers him from nose to heel, not excessively oily, but promising a fleece of over 30 lbs. He is heavily folded, but his fleece is free from hair over the folds. He is a rangy sheep, yet close coupled from his long quarters, and will be a 175 to 180 lbs. ram when matured. His fleece is a crop of wool from him were so good that they undoubtedly induced his re-purchase by Mr. Wood at double the price he sold him at the previous year.

The following on "how to judge wool on live sheep" is from *Town and Country Journal* of Australia: "The finest and softest wool is always on the shoulders of the sheep. An expert in judging sheep always looks at the wool on the shoulders first. A writer of experience in rearing fine-wooled sheep and in handling wool communicates the following suggestion for selecting a good 'wooled' sheep. Always assuming that the wool to be inspected is really fine, we first examine the shoulders as a part where the finest wool is to be found. This we take as a standard, and compare it with the wool from the ribs, the thigh, the rump, and shoulder parts, and the nearer the wool from the various portions of the animal approaches the standard the better. First we scrutinize the fineness and if the result is satisfactory we pronounce the fleece in respect to fineness very 'even.' Next we find that the wool on the ribs, thigh, and back, approximates reasonably in length to that of our standard, we again declare the fleece, as regards length of staple, 'true and even.' We next satisfy ourselves as to the density of the fleece, and do this by closing the hand upon a portion of the rump and loin wool, these points being usually the thinnest and most faulty. If this again gives satisfaction, we designate all the wool 'very dense.' Now to summarize these separate examinations: If the fleece is nearly of equal length, shoulder, rib, and back, and evenly on shoulder and across the loin, we conclude that we have a perfect sheep for producing valuable wool."

### Agricultural.

#### TEXAS FEVER.

Texas fever has broken out in the herd of Herefords belonging to Sotham & Stickney, of Pontiac, Mich. This herd was exhibited at the Detroit Exposition; but showed no signs of having contracted the disease until last Saturday. The valuable bull at the head of the herd was the first victim, having succumbed to the disease last Tuesday. We believe, as we said in reference to the Ayres herd from Ohio that was so nearly wiped out at the Exposition grounds, that the disease was contracted through transporting them in cars in which Texas cattle had been carried. It is a well known fact among the butchers and milk men of this city that the past two years this disease has prevailed in Detroit to an alarming extent. The milk men have thought it to their interest to suppress the facts in reference to its prevalence among their cows, and so have borne their losses and made no sign. The losses among the dairy cattle in the different herds have varied from one to fourteen head, in most cases falling upon those who can ill afford to bear it. The reason for concealing the fact that they have Texas fever in their herds is through fear of the health officer, as they are well aware that should it come to his knowledge he would at once stop the sale of milk from the whole herd. Thus it will be seen from a financial point of view, it is to their interest to keep quiet in the matter. At no time has there been so many Texas cattle handled in Detroit as during the past two years, and they have been driven indiscriminately over the streets of the city, and in some cases even pastured on the commons. That Texas fever prevails here is no source of surprise to those acquainted with the handling of the cattle at this point, the only wonder being that losses have not been more extensive. Texas cattle have been bled through from Chicago and St. Louis to Buffalo by way of Detroit, with permission to feed and water here. These cattle have been largely sold here and the cars filled with Michigan cattle, principally stockers, and the trip to Buffalo continued. One result of this has been that many of the eastern feeders have lost a large number of Michigan stockers that they had purchased in Buffalo. This has hurt the stocker trade at Buffalo, at this season of the year, and in this way is proving a heavy expense to our State.

Since the above was written, Mr. Thomas Sotham, of Sotham & Stickney, makes the following statements in a daily paper of this city:

"The facts are, that through neglect, the Michigan Central stock yards at Toledo (Wagon Works), where Texas cattle had been allowed to be unloaded last June, were not put in quarantine, and the assistant State Veterinarian of Ohio (stationed at Toledo) acknowledges his neglect, and we being in total ignorance of the state of the Missouri yards were, by criminal negligence, allowed to unload 11 head of valuable cattle through an infected chute and yard."

"We exhibited 24 cattle at Detroit, and at the close of the Exposition shipped 13 to the State Fair at Lansing, and thence to the Ohio State Fair at Columbus. These cattle, although in the same building as the Farmer & White Ayres cattle at Detroit, could not be traced to Texas fever from them, and not being exposed to Texas cattle, are to-day in perfect health. The remaining 11 were shipped from the Detroit Exposition to Toledo, where by gross neglect on the part of the proper authorities they were allowed to be unloaded in the infected yards."

"Prof. Jennings, of Detroit, was called to treat the sick cattle, and he succeeded in saving eight out of the herd of 11—a record Mr. Sotham believes to be unequalled."

All of the infected herd of Ayres herds died, while Dr. Jennings has saved those of the Sotham & Stickney herd which were not so far gone to respond to treatment. We



1



# Horticultural.

## Planting Fruit Trees Early.

It is the general practice to plant fruit trees in October, but while they do very well then, it must not be thought that necessity compels the work being delayed until that time. The reason why the work is done in October is because the foliage drops then. There are many persons who think that it will not do to set seed trees until then, when if they but thought they would find that the very trees which the agent brings them then have been dug in September, sometimes for three to four weeks before they are delivered. The fact is that many persons prefer early planting, and would rather plant in September than later. The function of the leaves is to strip them from the tree, as has been proved by planters over and over again. It is claimed by those who favor early planting, that as the soil is warm in September, trees planted then make root at once and establish themselves before cold weather comes, and this is true. Anyone can satisfy himself of this by transplanting any tree about the 15th of September, and then dig it up the same date in October. There will be numerous fibres perceived, which will have pushed out from the roots, and these, of course, insure the success of the tree. Where there are great numbers of trees to plant, as there often are on places recently laid out, it is the custom of many landscape gardeners to commence in August, by setting out evergreens then. The newly formed shoots are ripened by that time, and with good management there is no trouble at all to get the trees to do well. When this portion of the work is over a commencement is made with the deciduous portion, taking those first which have well ripened their wood. Horse chestnuts, for example, are trees the better for being set early. Then the work proceeds until all are planted or freezing weather stops it. A few years ago a gentleman desired an orchard planted, and was persuaded to set the trees in September, although the weather was hot and dry. There were peach, cherry, pear, quince, blackberries, raspberries and currants. The foliage was stripped, the trees set, and when the holes were half filled with earth a bucket or two of water was filled in, and the holes finished when the water had well soaked in. Although the hot weather continued, there was not a single tree or bush died.—*Joseph Meehan, in Practical Farmer.*

## The Largest Apple Tree.

The largest apple tree in New England, and probably in the world, is in the north-western part of Cheshire, Ct., standing in Mr. Delos Hotchkiss's dooryard. Its age can be traced by a family tradition to 140 years at least, and it may be twenty or twenty-five years older. It is at the present time of symmetrical shape; the trunk is nearly round, without a scar or blemish on it; there are eight large branches; five of them have been in the habit of bearing one year and the remaining three the next. Mr. Hotchkiss has gathered in one year from the five branches eighty-five bushels of fruit, and his predecessor had harvested a crop of 110 bushels from the same five branches. By careful measurement, circumference of the trunk one foot above the ground, above all enlargement of the roots, is thirteen feet eight inches. The girth of the largest single limb is six feet eight inches. The height of the tree has been carefully measured and found to be sixty feet, and the spread of the branches as the apples fall is 100 feet, or six rods. The fruit is rather small, sweet, and of moderate excellence.

## A Fine Orchard.

The fruit committee of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, as noted by Mr. Thomas in the *Country Gentleman*, state that the orchard of Samuel Hartwell, of Lincoln, was one of the finest they had ever seen. Unlike many other good orchards, it contained between 40 and 50 varieties, one object being to compare their value, including the most common sorts. Being near a city market, he can sell many that would not command otherwise a ready sale. Mr. Hartwell finds the Gravenstein by far the most profitable, and he has recently set out an orchard of this apple containing 63 trees. The Gravenstein is becoming very popular as a market fruit farther east, and especially in Nova Scotia, and many are shipped to England. Mr. Hartwell's orchard, it will be observed was only in part for growing fruit for market, a main object being the testing of different varieties for that purpose, as well as for home use and for giving a constant succession in many varieties the year through.

## Dana's Hovey and Sterling Pears.

Thos. Meehan, the well known horticulturist, writing in the *Country Gentleman* about the failure of the fruit crop and especially the scarcity of pears, says: "We had come to look on the pear as the most reliable of fruits. But strange and peculiar seasons always bring us peculiar lessons from which we can profitably learn, and to me one of the useful lessons is the behavior of two pears, Dana's Hovey and Sterling. These two, of all our somewhat large assortment, have a full crop. We do not grow pears for market or pears for profit in any way, but have specimen trees merely to identify varieties. Hence the trees are rather thickly together, and protect each other from extreme cold winds, and to some extent from extremes of heat and cold. For all they were affected by the 'English' winter as other things were. The flower buds opened, when the not untimely frost of the poet, but the truly timely and seasonable frost of early March, came and killed them. Just why these two wholly escaped is a question. We suppose they are kinds that require more heat to advance the buds than the others—that is, in the ordinary language of the fruit raiser they are late flowerers—and that in this way they escaped the fate of their more susceptible neighbors. But it will require actual observation another year to determine this as an absolute fact. At any rate it is clear that wherever there is danger from the flowers of pears being killed by below brought forward early, Dana's Hovey and Sterling are two good kinds to have. These are, however, kinds that are not often kept in stock to sell, as nobody propagates them. In our own col-

lection, we have only the plants in our sample collection, because nobody asks for them; but they certainly deserve a better fate. Hovey is but little inferior to Seckel, and has some few better qualities. Sterling is a large, round and very showy pear, with a clear yellow skin and blushing cheek—a very nice eating pear if gathered just before quite ripe, but it soon decays. In those good old days before the market men had it their own way, and before 'will it pay?' became the leading thought in fruit-growing—when something very superior to market fruit was thought to be worth growing, and we made a distinction between pears for market and pears for family use—this pear would be better known than now."

## Forcing into Fruit.

Many kinds of fruit trees are slow to bear, and it is very desirable to know that you have the variety you ordered. Buy one more of a sort than you desire in your orchard, but set this one in some convenient place where you can work at it handily; near the house we will say. Before setting this special tree, dig deeper than usual, and a wider hole also, fill up to the place where the lower roots will come to with very rich soil, say three-quarters old manure, the balance good loam, trim the tree and fill up with water, throw loose, dry earth in last and wait the process of getting established. As soon as that takes place go to work to force the tree to the utmost. Mulch well, keep off suckers, clean out insects, and do your best to create a rampant growth. After two or three years, head in the tree in the fall, and at the same time dig a trench in a circle around the stem two feet off, trench width of a spade and three feet deep. Clean it out well and fill in with fresh earth very rich with old manure. This process drives the tree forward for three years, then suddenly checks it. The result is it will fruit one year after this work is done, while the remainder of this lot will take their time to it, say four, five, six years more. Any kind of fruit tree will respond to this treatment.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

## Damping-Off.

Regarding the damping-off of seedlings, which is one of the first evils the gardener and florist has to contend with, Thos. Meehan, of Germantown, Pa., says: "Damping-off is a term usually restricted to cuttings or seedlings just potted. In all cases it is applied to the sudden rotting of the structure near the ground. I suppose no intelligent gardener ever questioned the statement that it is caused by a minute silicious fungus, the scientific name of which is not material here, which destroys as it grows. The usual remedy with watchful propagators is to take out the cuttings as soon as the fungus growth is detected, and change the soil or sand before resetting them. The fungus seldom appears in a new cutting bench—possibly from the spores or mycelium not having found a home in it. We have been careful to have fresh clean sand and clean benches, and hence have little trouble from fungus. Possibly sulphur—the good gardener's panacea against mildew—scattered over the surface, would be useful, or probably the new remedy, copperas water, which proves an admirable fungicide. No one plant is more liable to damp-off than another, so far as my experience goes."

Prof. L. H. Bailey says: "It is by no means certain that all damping-off is the same. It is possible that two or three distinct troubles are called by the same name. Damping-off is most troublesome under glass and among plants which are crowded, but it may occur in the nursery row out of doors. Certain conditions of atmosphere and culture induce the attack of the fungus. In my experience and observation, a soil dry beneath and wet on top affords the best conditions for damping-off. It is a common fault to merely sprinkle the propagating bed, allowing the under soil to remain dry and powdery. The operator may suppose that he has given enough water to wet the soil throughout. This condition of affairs is particularly apt to occur when water is applied from a hose, for I find that there is then a tendency to apply too little rather than too much. The amount of water can be gauged more readily if applied from a pot."

There is little to be done in the way of remedy for damping-off, for unless the plants are particularly valuable it will scarcely pay to attempt to save them after they are attacked. But preventives can be employed. Keep the plants stocky, never allow them to crowd, give plenty of air, and endeavor to keep the soil uniformly moist throughout.

## Early Grapes Pay Best.

The general scarcity of fruit this year makes the price of very early grapes better than usual. But every season the grapes which come into market very early sell for several cents per pound more than the main crop will bring. It is worth while for grape growers to cultivate the earliest varieties, and to take whatever means are necessary to bring these to maturity as early as possible. A board wall a few feet to the northward of a grape vine, so as to reflect the sun's heat upon the fruit, hastens its ripening materially. The process of ringing the vine early in the season makes the fruit larger, as well as earlier, but does not improve the flavor—in fact, rather injures it. Still, looks good in selling fruit; this process will always have its advocates, though grapes from vines that have been ringed should not be sold without a statement of the fact to the purchaser.—*Am. Cultivator.*

## The Color of Grapes.

The following statement regarding the influence of the soil on the color of grapes is made by the *Vineyardist*: "There is quite a difference in the color of grapes grown on clayey and those on gravelly soils. Those grown on the former are darker, more glossy and have a richer appearance than those grown on the gravelly soil. The latter are lighter in color and usually covered with less bloom, but the saccharometer and acidometer reverse the conclusions of the eye and shows that the sweetest grapes are those produced on gravelly and semi-gravelly soils. This subject is certainly worthy of more extended investigation by our vineyardists than has previously been given it. We know that the character of the grape must differ with the chemical components, porosity, etc., of the soil. This accounts for the fact

particular localities produce fruits of peculiar excellence. There is no doubt but what the color of fruit is largely affected by the conditions of both soil and atmosphere, as two lots of grapes from different localities, though of the same variety, very often present a very wide difference in color.

## The Improvement of Vegetables.

The Philadelphia *Record* in remarking the improvements made in varieties of vegetables within recent years, says a quarter of a century ago the tomato was very different from the varieties of the present day, and many varieties of squash now successfully grown unknown. Beans were coarse and stringy, peas required support, and the cabbage did not form a head. At the present day we have orchards of so many excellent varieties of all classes of vegetables and fruits that the most difficult matter is to make a selection from the whole.

One of the most valuable acquisitions is the bush lima bean. Had it been possible for the originator to have prevented the use of this bean without a royalty it would have brought to him perhaps millions of dollars, for it now makes pleasant and easy that which was formerly laborious. The lima bean was an expensive luxury. Poles were required, a greater time was needed for growth, and cultivation was not convenient; but the bush variety is now produced in rows without poles, and is as easily grown and harvested as the string bean. Though smaller in size than the large lima it is not inferior in quality, and as a dwarf habit (bush) has been cultivated into the large lima it will be but a short time before it, too, will be found in every garden. Larger crops will now be grown and consumers will be able to use more extensively and at less cost.

There are also dwarf peas that produce early and are very low, and sweet corn is not required to grow over three feet high for the early varieties. The early cabbages form as firm heads as those grown late, and "string" beans now have no strings. Turnips, beets, carrots and parsnips for the table are of different form and quality from those grown for stock. The improvements have been marvelous, and demonstrate that nothing is impossible for our and future generations to perform.

## Making Bouquets.

Popular Gardening gives a little jargon advice on the making up of flowers, from which we take a few extracts:

The average bouquet called for the garden consists of too many flowers, it is a crowded mass of bloom instead of a charming nosegay, in which the individual flowers show to the best advantage.

That the crowding of the material in any flower arrangement is a mistake is easily susceptible of proof. Let the reader take a liberal quantity of bloom and arrange it in a single large bunch; then take an exactly similar lot and divide it into two or three bouquets, spreading the flowers somewhat so as to have the outlines of each about equal in size to first one made, and note the superior results from an equal quantity of flowers. This test, however, presupposes the use of ordinary garden blooms cut with long stems, some of them to be very long, say 18 inches or two feet in length. This is a point in itself not sufficiently appreciated. For to arrange advantageously one should employ an abundance of long stems. Indeed if the stems are naturally lacking it may be well to follow the florists and provide suitable artificial stems.

In the making of every kind of bouquets we may take some most useful lessons from the commercial florist. Where flowers have a money value it is of course increases the profits to be able to make any given quantity go as far as possible. And yet the spreading out of blooms may be carried far with no disadvantage to the buyer. The ideal bouquet has every flower uncrowded.

Where the stems of flowers are short, or the object is to tie a flat or rounded hand bouquet, how is one to proceed in spreading the blooms? Let us watch the commercial florist tie up a nosegay. In the first place if any flowers are too slender to be stiffly supported by their own stems, or the stems of which are very short he supplies a wire to make up the deficiency of nature. Then he commences his bouquet by selecting a good bold flower such as a rose, lily or carnella for the center which he winds with strong thread on to a thin stiff twig. Around this center flower he then places a few leaves and outside of these to be an inch or two below the flower he binds sufficient moss so that when a circle of flowers is added, they will not unduly crowd or overlap the first flower. It is usual to start with smaller individuals or trusses of flowers in this front line outward and place a few light sprays of bloom between them to stand out boldly above the regular surface, next another ring of moss is bound on the center stem after which more green is applied and another circle of flowers and of projecting sprays. In this manner the bouquet is proceeded with until a suitable size is reached, when it may be finished by the addition of an edging of pleasing foliage, as smilax, fern, rose, or carnella leaves.

In the making of a bouquet thus the use of a variety of flowers is assumed. But the style now very much and very sensibly in vogue is the use of but a single kind of flowers in a bouquet; it may be of roses, sweet peas, mignonette, violets, pansies, tulips, lilies, or other kinds. In this case the course to employ for preventing crowding is not dissimilar from that we quoted. But to avoid a stiff and monotonous appearance in the bouquet palms must be taken to have some flowers stand out considerably beyond the others and yet not be crowded, a matter easily effected by the use of plenty of moss back of the inner line of flowers, for keeping the arrangement open.

A very handsome style of bouquet is one in which several shades of the same flower are used, arranging them uniformly in lines crosswise. We allude to the use of the dark shade on one side of the bouquet and then grading in line of next darkest and so on in succession to the lightest on the further or opposite side. A similar style may be employed in making an upright anchor, cross or other floral design suitable for a funeral. For instance it may be the desire to make a harp of pansies alone. After gathering the flowers grade them according to color and

shade. Then in their use begin with the lightest ones at the bottom and proceeding with the various successive shades in regular order to complete the entire piece, ending with the darkest even if it be black pansies at the top. Whatever the nature of any piece of flowers it should have some kind of edging or setting of green.

## FLORICULTURAL.

No one who sees the beautiful varieties of aster which the skill of the florist now produces can help admiring their fine colors and perfect shapes. They make most attractive beds in the garden, and require only a deep rich soil and plenty of water, which care they repay by profuse bloom.

FULLY three-fourths of the lilies now forced for Easter are Harrisii or Bermuda; this sort is far the most profitable to grow, as it produces flowers more freely than Longiflorum, and also is not so liable to come blind. It can be forced at a higher temperature than others, while if two weeks before the flowers open the plants are removed to a temperature of 50° at night, with liberal air during the day, the blooms will be firm, and nearly double the flowers can be cut.

The bulbous species of Iris, says C. L. Allen, of New York, which include what are commonly known as English, Spanish and Persian irises, must be taken up or replanted every second or third year, as the new bulbs, formed every year, are always directly under the old bulb, and in a few years the bulbs descend so deep as to be out of the reach of air and hence become incapable of vigorous vegetation. The *Iris Kempferi*, or Japan iris, is the finest of the iris kind, and is easily grown from seed, bloom not appearing, however, until the second and third year. The roots must be frequently divided if fine flowers are wanted.

A PRETTY lawn ornament may be made out of one-half of an old barrel set up on a short post and the whole thing painted a bright red color. After boring several holes in the bottom for drainage, about five inches of clinders should be put in, then the tub filled up with very rich soil, composed of one-half garden soil, one-fourth sharp sand, one-fourth well-rotted manure, the whole being well mixed together. In the centre plant two scarlet geraniums, and surround with petunias, verbenas and around the edge a row of vine-like plants as vincas, tradescantia, or the like, to trail over the side. It will be very pretty, and quite inexpensive.

BETTER knowledge of the century plant, *Agave Americana*, has dispelled the old erroneous idea that it blossoms but once in a hundred years. Its time of blooming depends upon the light and heat afforded it. The Agave is often met with in our greenhouses, is a common decorative plant in the south, and used in Spain as a hedge plant. Its native habitat is South America, but its introduction to this country was via Europe. In its home, it often sends up a flower stalk forty feet high, in the short space of three months. The plant dies after blossoming. From its sap the Mexicans make the intoxicating pulque, which is a trifle worse than whiskey in its debasing results, and an extract of the leaves is used as soap. The steel hemp is a product of one species of agave, and nearly all species give some kind of fibre.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *O. J. Farmer* says of that class of plants known as summer chrysanthemums: "I never thought much of these until the two past summers. The improved varieties are beautiful and well worthy of cultivation. They grow readily from seed, plants appearing in four or five days after sowing. Florists only claim a foot and a half in height for the plants, but mine are from three to four feet high, and are covered with bloom, which lasts after frost has killed the petunias. The foliage is finely cut and very rich-looking; they like partial shade and a rich, loose soil. These are very fine: *Chrysanthemum Carinatum album*; *C. atrocinereum*, crimson; *C. tricolor Burdigalense*, rose and white; *C. Danetti album*, double white; *C. aureum*, orange; *C. purpureum*, purple; *C. inodorum*, very double pure white flowers; *C. golden feather*, yellow foliage, of rare beauty. Of late years these improved varieties have been very popular in England, and would also be here if better known."

## Horticultural Items.

HART is shipping plums, peaches and pears at the rate of three thousand baskets per day.

A. W. CHEEVER says Pay's Prolific currant needs pruning to get a strong, stocky, upright stem that will carry the heavy bunches of fruit safely.

C. J. ROUSE says he was much troubled by moles in the garden until he scattered sawdust soaked in paraffine and tar in the runs near where they entered the garden.

It is said the oldest plum trees in Oceana County are on peach roots, and they are thrifty, though 24 years old. The trees are said to do better than on plum roots.

THERE are over 1,300 ears built expressly for the fruit trade engaged in carrying California fruits to the east, besides many others which have been pressed into the service.

A NEW JERSEY peach-grower burned all the fences and loose lumber on his farm last spring to save his peach orchards from frost. He has just sold a good crop of peaches at an exorbitant price.

IN view of the general shortage of the fruit crop it is encouraging to know that Mr. Ryder, of the American Association, thinks this will prove the best year in the history of cranberry culture ever known in New England.

A BASKET of small green peaches is exhibited at Orange, N. J., as worth \$10,000. The basket is the entire yield of this year's crop of an orchard in West Orange, for which Thomas Vincent refused an offer of \$10,000 last spring.

MR. E. J. PHILLIPS, of Park Hill, Ont., grafted two or three kinds of pears on a Mountain Ash, and the grafts have all grown well and appear to unite perfectly and give evidence of vigor. The result will be anxiously looked for by those especially who feel an interest in

"stock and scion" and the influence of the former on the latter.—*Canadian Horticulturist.*

On the strawberry fields of Ilion, Herkimer County, N. Y., the Wilson is the chief variety grown. Within a couple of years it has been noticed that this sort is giving out, and growers are experimenting with other varieties with a view to securing one equally as good, but as yet have been unsuccessful.

JOSEPH HOOPER, of Pennsylvania, expresses his belief, in the *N. Y. Tribune*, that spring is better than autumn for planting all stone-fruits; and early spring is more advisable than late. Plums, peaches and cherries are exceedingly sensitive to low temperature after removal. Never crack peach pits by hand; nature does it better, and not by "action of frost," either—what causes the hard shells to open in tropical climates? Plant the seeds at once after removing the fleshy covering, and they will germinate all right, if healthy.

W. H. BULL, who grows celery quite extensively says: "Handling is the first work towards bleaching. I use cotton cord, and tie it loosely around the first plant, and then passing the string to the next, take a turn around this, tying it the same way, and continue through the row without breaking the cord, which is tied to the last plant. In this process all the leaves are gathered at a tied firmly enough to hold the plant erect and compact. If tied too tightly the celery, as it grows, will double back when the string is reached, and injure the appearance of the heart. After the celery is banded with earth, the string runs under the ground and gives no trouble at the time of digging."

## Apiarian.

THERE seems to be a shortage of the honey crop in Southern Michigan this year, except in a few favored localities.

THE shortage of the California honey crop is ascribed to the prevalence of hot winds during the season of blooming of nectar bearing plants.

IN Carniola a large business is done in the raising of queens for export. Great numbers of these have been sent to America in past years. They come in boxes, the price varying from six francs in October to fifteen in the early spring.

B. F. HOLTERMAN, of Ont., thinks Canadian bee men are not doing much to encourage the consumption of honey in manufacturing. Three years ago he got a pork-packer to do up some honey cured hams for him; this resulted in his purchasing as high as 900 lbs. of honey for that purpose from him in one year. Mr. Holterman advises shipping light honey away, and marketing the dark at home if you are in a locality which yields much dark honey. The reason for this is, the public unused to it will think dark honey adulterated. This they are not liable to do in a locality where dark honey plentiful.

MR. M. M. BALDRIDGE says that every large city ought to have at least one commission house devoted exclusively to the sale of honey. It should be as clean and free from odors as a private house; and at no time should the temperature of the comb honey department be allowed to go below freezing. Honey can be kept a long time in a hot dry room. California comb honey has been kept in Chicago at least two years, and apparently it was as nice as when first received. This is an important point in years when there is a large surplus. But few commission houses are fitted up properly for keeping comb honey in the condition indicated. Besides, commission men handle too many other articles, such as fruit, hides, calves, etc., to give proper attention to honey. As a rule, honey with them is a side issue. One large honey house in each of our large cities, properly managed, would handle and dispose of more honey each year than all of the commission men combined. Besides, such a house would attract attention, and make the business of honey production respectable.

## Good News!

No one, who is willing to adopt the right course, need be long afflicted with boils, carbuncles, pimples, or other cutaneous eruptions. These are the results of Nature's efforts to expel poisonous and effete matter from the blood, and show plainly that the system is ridding itself through the skin of impurities which it was the legitimate work of the liver and kidneys to remove. To restore these organs to their proper functions, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the medicine required. That no other blood-purifier can compare with it, thousands testify who have gained

## Freedom

from the tyranny of depraved blood by the use of this medicine. "For nine years I was afflicted with a skin disease that did not yield to any remedy until a friend advised me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. With the use of this medicine the complaint disappeared. It is my belief that no other blood medicine could have effected so rapid and complete a cure."—Andrew D. Garcia, C. Victoria, Tamalpais, Mexico. "My face, for years, was covered with pimples and humors, for which I could find no remedy until I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Three bottles of this great blood medicine effected a thorough cure. I confidently recommend it to all suffering from similar troubles."—M. Parker, Concord, Vt.

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**FRANK MERRITT, Charlotte, Mich.,** breeder of highly bred Shorthorn cattle, combed and spotted hogs, and purebred Duchesses and Roses of Sharnon, with the highly bred Lord Barrington of Erie call 70562 at head of stock for further particulars call on me at above.

**F. A. BRADEN, Victoria Stock Farm, Bancroft, Shilawesque Co.,** breeder of pure bred Shorthorn cattle, and purebred Devon Lass families. All stock recorded. Young stock of both sexes for sale. Correspondence solicited.

**GEO. A. HART, Lakeside Stock Farm, Manistee, Mich.,** breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited and promptly answered.

ATY NEW

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Mich. jly21-6m

**H. A. HINDS**, Stanton, Montclair Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle and American Merino sheep.

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**HENRY BROOKS**, Brooks Farm, Wixom, breeder of Shorthorn cattle. The following families represented: Pomona, Rose of Sharon and Phyllis. Correspondence promptly answered. ds-1v.

**JOHN M. FISHEKE**, proprietor of Maple Hill Stock Farm, breeder of Shorthorn cattle of fine form and excellent pedigree. Principles of breeding followed. Bloodlines of Victoria and Pomona; 37th Duke of Hildesdale and 38th Duke of Devonshire. Write for P. O. Howell; residence, five miles southeast of Port Hope, Ontario.  
Write for prices. \$1 90

**JOHN O. SHARP**, "Hillside Farm," Jackson, Mississippi. Shorthorn cattle and purebred Guineas swine. Families: Pearl Duchess, Rose of Sharon, Young Major, Gwynn, Victoria, etc. Write for prices. 37th Duke of Hildesdale and 38th Duke of Devonshire. Write for price of Duke of Bath No. 9649 at head of herd. Young stock sold by consignment.

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**N. L. DAVES**, Eldorado, Kansas, breeder of Shorthorns of the Young America family, families. Young animals for sale. Address, Eldorado, Kan. Write for particulars.

**O. SNOW & SON**, Kalamazoo, breeders of Shorthorn cattle. Principal families: Young Marya, Phillis, etc., headed by the Bates and Ford families. Young stock for sale. Correspondence promptly answered.

**S. H. ELLINWOOD**, Rose Corners, P. O. address, Plainville, Gen. Co., breeder of Shorthorns. Stock of both sexes for sale. Correspondence will receive prompt attention. *255* *25*

**W. J. BARTOW**, East Saginaw, Mich., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Stock of all ages for sale. Inspection of the herd invited. Correspondence promptly answered.

[illegible]

**W. M. FISHBROOK & SON**, Howell, breeders of Shorthorn cattle. Principal families: Kirklevington, Darlington, Strawberry and Victoria. Herd headed by the Bates bull 3d Mar. of Longford. (Vol. 33 A. H. B.) Stock for sale. Write for prices.

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**Jerseys.**

**SMITH BROS.**, Eagle, Meadow Brook herd of Jerseys. Stock of the highest quality and of the best trained milk and milk chickens. 520 17th St., New York City.

**W. J. G. DEAN**, Hanover, high-class Jersey sires of the Rotor-Alphas and Grand Duke Alexis strains. Pogis-Polito-Tormentor 20501 at the head of the herd. Registered.

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**GALLOWAY BREEDERS' ASSOCIATION**  
of the State of Michigan. President, Thos. Wycoff, Davidsburg; Vice-President, L. B. Townsend, Ionia; Secretary and Treasurer, C. T. Wickes, Stanton. Choice recorded stock for sale. Correspondence invited. Jan-19

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**J. M. STERLING**, Monroe, breeder of pure Holstein-Friesian cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence and personal inspection solicited.

**W. K. SEXTON**, Howell, importer and breeder of or thoroughbred Holstein-Friesian cattle. Stock farm, three miles south. 015-13

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**R. G. HART**, Lapeer, breeder of Percheron and standard-bred Trotting horses; Devon and Galloway and Hereford cattle; Marino sheep and Cheeshire hogs. All stock registered. Farm adjoining city limits; residence, and breeding and saleable in the city. Come or write me.

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**LESLIE & BURWELL**, Cottage Grove, Wis. breeders of pure bred Polled Aberdeen Angus cattle.

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1890. BREEDING STABLES. 1890

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**Louis Napoleon 20**

Will make a season at our stables  
From JULY 8th UNTIL NOVEMBER 1st  
At \$100 to insure.

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**Bonnie Wilkes 326**

\$35.00 to insure.

DEWEY & STEWART

Owosso, June 24th, 1890.

3

**Black Meadow Farm**

ROYAL OAK, MICH.,

**STANDARD-BRED TROTTER**  
**BATES-BRED SHORTHORNS,**  
**BERKSHIRE FIGS**

The high-bred trotting stallion

**Teusha Grondie 5001**

will make the season of 1930 at Black Meadow Farm, Pa. For the season, without reserve, with the Teusha Grondie was sired by Spartacus (1925; 2:29.4) by Belmont (1919; 2:24.4) and by the 4th Duke of Clarence (1918; 2:29.4) by Mambrino Chief II. Sireships by Alcega (1924; 2:29.4) by Belmont (1919; 2:24.4) and by the 4th Duke of Clarence (1918; 2:29.4) by Mambrino Chief II.

Waterbury, Conn., 1929 is at head of shorthorns here sired by 7th Duke of Leicester (1920; 2:40) and Waterbury 5001, Duke of Clarence (1918; 2:29.4) and by the 4th Duke of Clarence (1918; 2:29.4). Also, Address

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**J. W. HIBBARD, Proprietor.**  
BENNINGTON, SHAWANNEE COUNTY, MISSOURI

of improved breeding and unexcelled individuality. My herd having won more prizes than any other leading fairs of Michigan in the past four years, and the fact that the following families have been registered in our herd: Oxford Vanquish, Tour de France, and the following:

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**AMERICAN MERINOS.**—Offspring of approved breeding. Individual merit a specialty. Personal attention. Labels. Correspondence solicited.

All stock recorded and guaranteed as represented.

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**English Berkshires**

My boys won the highest prizes at the large fairs in Ohio, and at the Tri-State Fair, Toledo, Ohio, in 1887; also first prize at the Diplomat at Michigan State Fair, in 1888; won the first prize in class and the diploma at the English and American State Fair, in 1889; they won every first and sweepstakes they were entered for (two firsts and two sweepstakes) in 1890 at the Michigan State Fair; and won every first prize they were showed for and the

Billboards and others. First on yearling boar first and second on boar under one year; first and second on two year olds; first, second and third on yearling sows; first and second on sows under one year; and the diploma for the best boar any age. I don't show my hogs at small fairs, but they have won the highest prizes at the largest fairs. My hogs have always had strong competition.

— Mention Michigan Swine Writers' Association.

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**L. W. & O. BARNES**  
— PROPRIETORS OF —  
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Breeders of pure bred Poland-China swine a registered Merino sheep. Swine recorded in the Merino and Poland-China herds. Some of the best bred herds in the State, and has taken many premiums at the State, State Fair and the State Fair. I have been in the business for over five years than any other herd. We breed of from animals of fine quality, as well as gilt-edged pedigree. We have a large number of young boars and sows, dark in color and large size. Price of stock \$10.00 and over and see us. Special rates by express.

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OF BERKSHIRES.  
W. D. BRANDS, Proprietor,  
KERBY, MICH.

Imported here Royal Minton at head of her  
Have imported and home bred brood sows  
most popular strains. Some fine litters of pig  
from which orders can be filled. Correspondence  
will receive prompt attention.

**WE,**  
Todd Improved Chester  
have been crowned  
**King of the Show R**  
On the farm with us he  
has been a very fine pig  
of Shropshire shape.  
Circular containing his  
particulars at address  
S. H. Todd, Wakarusa

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Michigan Poultry Farm, Saline, Mich

HEADQUARTERS FOR  
Langshans, Light Brahmas, Plymouth Rocks  
White Plymouth Rocks, White Wyandottes and Pekin Ducks.

Our stock has won more prizes at leading poultry shows than that of any other breeder in Michigan. Stock and eggs for sale at reasonable prices.

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**For Sale Very Cheap**

One seven-eighths Ferberhorn Stallion, six year old, bred for food and draft. Also a grand dam by a pure bred Ferberhorn. Can show some good stock from him. Also a number of good horses.

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Hotstein-Prisbian bull Mercedes Victory Bred 1907. There is included in his pedigree blood of Mercedes, Victory, Billy Hotstein, Lord Lexington, Texier, Lady Clay and the founder of the great Angerie family. One of the best fighting bulls in the country. Cash or a good note one year at a whisper or He is a prize

**MILLS BROS.**  
Ann Arbor, Mich.

**Shorthorn Bulls for Sale**

Lord Lexington Bullbred 0841, out of Mary Phyllis, Lady Elizabeth, Perl Dunchess and Mercedes cows. Also a few cows and heifers. Reliable estimates always on hand for distribution. **MILLS A. CLARK**  
Addison, Lenawee Co., Mich.

Addison is on the new Michigan and Canadian Railroad. Farm connected with State Telephone.

**C. W. THORNTON**, Northville, Mich., has the largest stock of the country at reasonable and good reference.



## Poetry.

## THE BROAD-GAUGE MAN.

There's a man in this world—you may say what you will—  
Who's honest in business and plain;  
Who would scoff at a measure his pockets to fill  
If other men lost his gain;  
Who to avarice gives a very wide berth,  
Who's content with just his own share of the earth.  
Whose thoughts have been large since life first began—  
The just-handed, true-minded broad-gauge man.  
There's a man in this world—shake your head, if you may—  
Who's faithful to marital vows,  
Who honors with love in the old-fashioned way,  
Whose pleasant ears, gray-headed spouse,  
Whose virtuous, tender, and gallant through life,  
Whose heart-shed is filled with his own little wife.  
Who is clever and truthful—deny, if you can—  
The big-hearted, noble souled, broad-gauge man.  
There's a man in this world—wretched doubt, art blind—  
Who's religious the whole week through;  
Who prays to his Maker—never preys on his kind—  
Doesn't right who he has to do;  
Cares not for pretensions or long-winded creeds,  
But feels the true meaning of grand, God-like deeds;  
Whose friendship is built on the Pythian plain—  
The wide-shouldered, clear thinking, broad-gauge man.  
There's a man in this world—notwithstanding your smile—  
Who in secret gives to the poor;  
Whose deeds are not blazoned nor praised all the while,  
Who's firm-footed, steadfast and sure;  
Who makes no least claim for himself—aye, it's true—  
That he will not willingly grant unto you;  
No narrow-browed being who thinks but a span,  
But a far-seeing, wide searching, broad-gauge man.  
There's a man in this world—foolish one, dost not see—  
For whom highest heaven was made—  
No long fasting, much-praying, proud devotion  
Was his choicest glories invade—  
The tolerant one, of merciful mood,  
Who tries to enlarge the sum total of good,  
Who speaks along God's wonderful plan;  
And he's always and ever the broad-gauge man.  
—Elizabeth Baker Bohan.

## IT IS WELL WE CANNOT SEE.

When another life is added  
To the heaving, turbid mass;  
When another breath of being  
Stirrs creation's tarnished glass;  
When the first cry, weak and piteous,  
Hails long-enduring pain,  
And a soul from non-existence  
Springs, that ne'er can die again;  
When the mother's passionate welcome,  
Sorrow-like, bursts forth in tears,  
And a new self gratulation  
Prophesies of future years—  
It is well we cannot see  
What the end will be.  
When the boy upon the threshold  
Of his all comprising home,  
Puts aside his arm maternal  
That enfolds him ere he roam;  
When the canvas of his vessel  
Flutters to the favoring gale—  
Years of solitary exile  
Hid behind the sunny sail—  
When his pulses beat with ardor,  
And his sinews stretch for toil,  
And a hundred bold enterprises  
Lure him to that Eastern soil—  
It is well we cannot see  
What the end shall be.  
When the altar of religion  
Greets the exalted bridegroom,  
And the vow that lasts till dying  
Vibrates on the sacred air;  
When man's lavish protestations  
Doubts of after change defy,  
Comforting the frailty of  
Bound his service for aye;  
When beneath love's silver moonbeams,  
Many kisses in shadow sleep  
Undiscovered, till possession  
Shows the danger of the deep—  
It is well we cannot see  
What the end shall be.

Whatsoever is beginning,  
That is wrought by human skill;  
Every daring enterprise,  
Of the mind's ambitious will;  
Every first impulse of passion,  
Gush of love or twinge of hate;  
Every launch upon the waters  
Wide horizoned by our fate;  
Every venture in the chances  
Of life's sad, oft despoiled game,  
Whatsoever be our motive,  
Whatsoever be our aim,  
It is well we cannot see  
What the end shall be.

## Miscellaneous.

## THE REVOLT OF "MOTHER"

(Concluded from last week.)  
Adoniram shuffled out. Mrs. Penn went into her bedroom. When she came out, her eyes were red. She had a roll of unbleached cotton cloth. She spread it out on the kitchen table, and began cutting out some shirts for her husband. The men over in the field had a team to help them this afternoon; she could near their halloos. She had a scanty pattern for the shirts; she had to plan and piece the sleeves.  
Nanny came home with her embroidery, and sat down with her needle work. She had taken down her curl-papers, and there was a soft roll of fair hair like an aureole over her forehead; her face was as delicately fine and clear as porcelain. Suddenly she looked up, and the tender red flamed all over her face and neck. "Mother," she said.  
"What say?"  
"I've been thinking—I don't see how we're going to have any wedding in this room. I'd be ashamed to have my folks come if we didn't have anybody else."  
"Mebbe we can have some new paper before then; I can put it on. I guess you won't have no call to be ashamed of your belongings."  
"We might have the wedding in the new barn," said Nanny, with a gentle pettishness. "Why, mother, what makes you look so?"  
Mrs. Penn had started, and was staring at her with a curious expression. She turned again to her work, and spread out a pattern carefully on the cloth. "Nothing," she said.  
Presently Adoniram clattered out of the yard in his two-wheeled dog cart, standing as proudly upright as a Roman chariot. Mrs. Penn opened the door and stood there a minute looking out; the halloos of the men sounded louder.  
It seemed to her all through the spring

months that she heard nothing but the halloos and the noises of saws and hammers. The new barn grew fast. It was a fine edifice for this little village. Men came on pleasant Sundays, in their meeting suits and clean shirt bosoms, and stood around it admiringly. Mrs. Penn did not speak of it, and Adoniram did not mention it to her, although sometimes upon a return from inspecting it, he bore himself with injured dignity.  
"It's a strange thing how your mother feels about the new barn," he said, confidentially, to Sammy one day.  
Sammy only grunted after an odd fashion for a boy; he had learned it from his father. The barn was all completed ready for use by the third week in July. Adoniram had planned to move his stock in on Wednesday; on Tuesday he received a letter which changed his plans. He came in with it early in the morning. "Sammy's been to the postoffice," said he, "an' I've got a letter from Hiram." Hiram was Mrs. Penn's brother who lived in Vermont.  
"Well," said Mrs. Penn, "what does he say about the folks?"  
"I guess they're all right. He says he thinks if I come up country right of there's a chance to buy just the kind of a horse I want." He stared reflectively out of the window at the new barn.  
Mrs. Penn was making pies. She went on clapping the rolling-pin into the crust, although she was very pale and her heart beat loudly.  
"I dun'no' but what I'd better go," said Adoniram. "Hate to go off just now, right in the midst of August, but the ten-acre lot's cut, an' I guess Rufus an' the others can't get a horse around here to suit me, now, an' I've got to have another, for all that wood-haulin' in the fall. I told Hiram to watch out, an' if he got wind of a good horse to let me know. I guess I'd better go."  
"I'll get you a clean shirt an' collar," said Mrs. Penn calmly.  
She laid out Adoniram's Sunday suit and his clean clothes on the bed in the little bedroom. She got his shaving water and razor ready. At last she buttoned on his collar and fastened his black cravat.  
Adoniram never wore his collar and cravat except on extra occasions. He held his head high, with a rasper dignity. When he was all ready, with his coat and hat brushed, and a lunch of pie and cheese in a paper bag, he hesitated on the threshold of the door. He looked at his wife, and his manner was definitely apologetic. "If them cows come today, Sammy can drive 'em into the new barn," said he; "an' when they bring the hay up they can pitch it in there."  
"Well," replied Mrs. Penn.  
Adoniram set his shaven face ahead and started. When he had cleared the doorstep he turned and looked back with a kind of nervous solemnity. "I shall be back by Saturday if nothin' happens," said he.  
"Do be careful, father," returned his wife.  
She stood in the door with Nanny at her elbow and watched him out of sight. Her eyes had a strange, doubtful expression in them; her peaceful forehead was contracted. She went in and about her baking again. Nanny sat sewing. Her wedding day was drawing near, and she was getting pale and thin with her steady sewing. Her mother kept glancing at her.  
"Have you got that pain in your side this morning?" she asked.  
"A little."  
Mrs. Penn's face, as she worked, changed, her perplexed forehead smoothed, her eyes were steady, her lips firmly set. She formed a maxim for herself, although incoherently, with her unlettered thoughts. "Unsolicited opportunities are the guideposts of the Lord to the new roads of life," she repeated in effect, and she made up her mind to her course of action.  
"Sposin' I had wrote to Hiram," she muttered once, when she was in the pantry—"Sposin' I had wrote an' asked him if he knew of any horse? But I didn't, an' father's goin' wad'n' any of my doin'. It looks like a Providence." Her voice rang out quite loud at the last.  
"What you talkin' about, mother?" called Nanny.  
"Nothin'."  
Mrs. Penn hurried her baking; at eleven o'clock it was all done. The load of hay from the west field came slowly down the cart track and drew up at the new barn. Mrs. Penn ran out. "Stop!" she screamed—"stop!"  
The men stopped and looked; Sammy appeared from the top of the load and stared at his mother.  
"Stop!" she cried out again. "Don't you put the hay in that barn; put it in the old one."  
"Why, he said to put it in here," returned one of the haymakers, wonderingly. He was a young man, a neighbor's son, whom Adoniram hired by the year to help on the farm.  
"Don't you put the hay in the new barn; there's room enough in the old one, ain't there?" said Mrs. Penn.  
"Room enough?" returned the hired man, in his thick, rustic tones. "Didn't need the new barn, now, as far as room's concerned. Well, it's pose he changed his mind." He took hold of the horses' bridles.  
Mrs. Penn went back to the house. Soon the kitchen windows were darkened, and the fragrance like warm honey came into the room.  
Nanny laid down her work. "I thought father wanted them to put the hay into the new barn," she said, wonderingly.  
"It's all right," replied her mother.  
Sammy laid down from the load of hay, and came in to see if dinner was ready.  
"Ain't goin' to let a regular dinner today, as long as father's gone," said his mother. "I've let the fire go out. You can have some bread an' milk an' pie. I thought we could get along." She set out some bowls of milk, some bread, and a pie on the kitchen table. "You'd better eat your dinner now," she said. "You might jest as well get through with it. I want you to help me afterward."  
Nanny and Sammy stared at each other. There was something strange in their mother's manner. Mrs. Penn did not eat anything herself. She went into the pantry, and they heard her moving dishes while they ate. Presently she came out with a pile of plates. She got the clothes-basket out of the shed, and packed them in it.

Nanny and Sammy watched. She brought out cups and saucers, and put them in with the plates.  
"What are you goin' to do, mother?" inquired Nanny, in a timid voice. A sense of something unusual made her tremble, as if it were a ghost. Sammy rolled his eyes over his pile.  
"You'll see what I'm goin' to do," replied Mrs. Penn. "If you're through, Nanny, I want you to go up stairs an' pack up your things; an' I want you, Sammy, to help me take down the bed in the bedroom."  
"Oh, mother, what for?" gasped Nanny.  
"You'll see." During the next few hours a feat was performed by this simple, pious New England mother which was equal in its way to Wolfe's storming the Heights of Abraham. It took no more genius and audacity of bravery for Wolfe to cheer his wondering soldiers up those steep precipices, under the sleeping eyes of the enemy, than for Sarah Penn, at the head of her children, to move all her little household goods into the new barn while her husband was away.  
Nanny and Sammy followed their mother's instructions without a murmur; indeed they were overawed. There is a certain uncanny and superhuman quality about all such purely original undertakings as their mother's was to them. Nanny went back and forth with her light loads, and Sammy tugged with sober energy.  
At five o'clock in the afternoon the little house in which the Penns had lived for forty years had emptied itself into the new barn.  
Every building seems somewhat for unknown purposes, and is in a measure a prophet. The architect of Adoniram Penn's barn, while he designed it for the comfort of four-footed animals, had planned better than he knew for the comfort of humans. Sarah Penn saw at a glance its possibilities. Those great box-stalls, with quilts hung before them, would make better bed-rooms than the one she had occupied for forty years, and there was a tight carriage-room. The harness room, with its chimney and shelves, would make the kitchen of her dreams. The great middle space would make a parlor, by-and-by, fit for a palace. Upstairs there was as much room as down. With partitions and windows, what a house would there be! Sarah looked at the row of stanchions before the allotted space for cows, and reflected that she would have her front entry there.  
At six o'clock the stove was up in the harness-room, the kettle was boiling, and the table set for tea. It looked almost as home-like as the abandoned house across the yard had ever done. The young hired man milked, and Sarah directed him calmly to bring the milk to the new barn. He came gadding, dropping little drops of foam from the brimming pails on the grass. Before the next morning he had spread the story of Adoniram Penn's wife moving into the new barn all over the little village. Men assembled in the store and talked it over, women with shawls over their heads scuttled into each other's houses before their work was done. Any deviation from the ordinary course of life in this quiet town was enough to stop all progress in it. Everybody paused to look at the staid, independent figure on the side track. There was a difference of opinion with regard to her. Some held her to be insane; some of a lawless and rebellious spirit.  
Friday the minister went to see her. It was in the forenoon, and she was at the barn door shelling peas for dinner. She looked up and returned his salutation with dignity, then she went on with her work. She did not invite him in. The saintly expression of her face remained fixed, but there was an angry glow over it.  
The minister stood awkwardly before her and talked. She handled the peas as if they were bullets. At last she looked up, and her eyes showed the spirit that her meek front had covered for a lifetime.  
"There ain't no use talkin', Mr. Hersey," said she. "I've thought it all over an' over, an' I believe I've doin't what's right. I've told the subject of prayer, an' it's becomin' me an' the Lord an' Adoniram. There ain't no call for nobody else to worry about it."  
"Well, of course if you have brought it to the Lord in prayer, and feel satisfied that you are doing right, Mrs. Penn," said the minister, helplessly. His thin gray-bearded face was pathetic. He was a sickly man, his youthful confidence had cooled; he had to scourge himself up to some of his pastoral duties as relentlessly as a Catholic ascetic, and then he was prostrated by the smart.  
"I think it's right just as much as I think it is right for our forefathers to come over from the old country 'cause they didn't have what belonged to 'em," said Mrs. Penn. She arose. The barn threshold might have been Plymouth Rock for her bearing. "I don't doubt you mean well, Mr. Hersey," said she, "but there are things people hadn't ought to interfere with. I've been a member of the church for over forty years. I've got my own mind an' my own feet, an' I'm goin' to think my own thoughts an' go my own ways, an' nobody but the Lord is goin' to dictate to me unless I've a mind to have him. Won't you come in an' sit down? How is Miss Hersey?"  
"She is well, I thank you," replied the minister. He added some more perplexed apologetic remarks; then he retreated.  
He could expound the intricacies of every character study in the Scriptures, he was competent to grasp the Pilgrim Fathers and all historical innovators, but Sarah Penn was beyond him. But, after all, although it was said from his province, he wondered more how Adoniram Penn would deal with his wife than how the Lord would. Everybody shared the wonder. When Adoniram's four new cows arrived, Sarah ordered three to be put in the old barn, the other in the house shed where the cooking stove had stood. That added to the excitement. It was whispered that all four cows were domiciled in the house.  
Toward sunset on Saturday, when Adoniram was expected home, there was a knot of men in the road near the new barn. The hired man had milked, but he still hung around the premises. Sarah Penn had supper all ready. There was bread and baked beans and a custard pie; it was the supper that Adoniram loved on a Saturday night. She had on a clean calico, and she bore herself imperiously. Nanny and Sammy kept close at her heels. Their eyes

were large, and Nanny was full of nervous tremors. Still there was to them more pleasant excitement than anything else. An inborn confidence in their mother over their father asserted itself.  
Sammy looked out of the harness-room window. "There he is," he announced, in an awed whisper. He and Nanny peeped around the casing. Mrs. Penn kept on about her work. The children watched Adoniram leave the new house standing in the drive while he went to the house door. It was fastened. Then he went around the shed. That door was seldom locked, even when the family was away. The thought how her father would be confronted by the cow dashed upon Nanny. There was a hysterical sob in her throat. Adoniram emerged from the shed and stood looking about in a dazed fashion. His lips moved; he was saying something, but his voice did not reach what it was. The hired man was peering around a corner of the old barn, but nobody saw him.  
Adoniram took the new horse by the bridle and led him across the yard to the new barn. Nanny and Sammy sneaked close to their mother. The barn doors rolled back, and there stood Adoniram, with the long mild face of the great Canadian farm horse looking over his shoulder.  
Nanny kept behind her mother, but Sammy stepped suddenly forward, and stood in front of her.  
Adoniram stared at the group. "What on earth you all down here for?" said he. "What's the matter over the house?"  
"We've come here to live, father," said Sammy. His shrill voice quavered out bravely.  
"What—?" Adoniram sniffed—"what is it smells like cookin'?" said he. He stepped forward and looked in the open door of the harness-room. Then he turned to his wife. His old bristling face was pale and frightened. "What on earth does this mean, mother?" he gasped.  
"You come in here, father," said Sarah. She led the way into the harness-room and shut the door. "Now, father," said she, "you needn't be scared. I ain't crazy. There ain't nothin' to be upset over. But we've come here to live, an' we're goin' to live here. We've got jest as good a right here as new horses an' cows. The house wad'n't fit for us to live in no longer, an' I made up my mind I wad'n't go to stay there. I've done my duty by you forty years, an' I'm goin' to do it now; but I'm goin' to live here. You've got to put in some windows and partitions; an' you'll have to buy some furniture."  
"Why, mother?" the old man gasped.  
"You'd better take your coat off an' get washed—there's the wash-basin—an' then we'll have supper."  
"Why, mother?"  
Sammy went past the window, leading the horse to the new barn. The old man saw him and shook his head speechlessly. He tried to take off his coat, but his arms seemed to lack the power. His wife helped him. She poured some water into the tin basin, and put in a piece of soap. She got the comb and brush, and smoothed his thin gray hair after he had washed. Then she put the beans, hot bread, and tea on the table. Sammy came in, and the family drew up. Adoniram sat looking dazedly at his plate, and they waited.  
"Ain't you goin' to ask a blessing, father?" said Sarah.  
And the old man bent his head and mumbled.  
All through the meal he stopped eating at intervals, and stared fixtively at his wife; but he ate well. The home food tasted good to him, and his old frame was too stoutly healthy to be affected by his mind. But after supper he went out, and sat down on the step of the smaller door at the right of the barn, through which he had meant his Jerseys to pass in stately file, but which Sarah designed for her front house door, and he leaned his head on his hands.  
After the supper dishes were cleared away and the milk-pans washed, Sarah came out to him. The twilight was deepening. There was a clear green glow in the sky. Before them stretched the smooth level of field; in the distance was a cluster of hay-stacks like the huts of a village; the air was very cool and calm and sweet. The landscape might have been an ideal one of peace.  
Sarah bent over and touched her husband on one of his thin, sinewy shoulders. "Father!"  
The old man's shoulders heaved; he was weeping.  
"Why, don't do so, father," said Sarah. "I'll put up the partitions, an' everything you want, mother."  
Sarah put her arm upon it to her face; she was overcome by her own triumph.  
Adoniram was like a fortress whose walls had no active resistance, and went down the instant the right besieging tools were used. "Why, mother," he said, hoarsely, "I hadn't no idee you was so set on't as 'a'f this comes to."—Harper's Magazine.

## The English Railroad Car.

Those Americans who go abroad to discover the shortcomings of Europe, and to exaggerate their own satisfaction with everything American, are always happiest when they are describing an English, French or German railroad. They are half wrong, as bigots usually are; but then, again, they are half right. The truest comparison and fairest statement of the facts concerning English and American railroads is that if they had our cars and we had their roads, both countries would enjoy railroading in perfection, writes Julian Ralph to Harper's Weekly. In order to present the completest picture to the American reader, let him or her imagine a summer horse car with the sides boarded up—one of those horse cars we New Yorkers ride upon Third Avenue in, with cross seats facing one another in pairs. Let him imagine the back of another alternate seat carried up to the ceiling. That would divide the car into three or four boxes. Then put a window at each end of each seat, and a door at each end of each passage. The windows must be light and unmovable, but there must be a sliding window in each door, to hold up and down by means of a broad leather strap, worn black and soft by handling. Now mark "third class" on the boxes between the wheels in the middle of the car. On the first-class seats, and carpet the backs as high as one's head; then pad their

third-class seats, and nail carpet on their backs, and you have turned an open horse car into an English railway carriage. There is a narrow board on each side the horse car for the conductor to walk upon, and that is there also on the English car; but the English railroad car is boarded up at either end, whereas the American horse car is closed.  
Now let the American think of all the comforts and conveniences that are in our railroad coaches—the toilet stand, the closet, the heating apparatus, the drinking water-cylinder. Not one of these is in an English railroad car—not one. All these things are at the station, not in the cars. In the English cars there is an inefficient and timid light, half concealed above a thick convex glass in the roof of each compartment, and there is a rack over each seat. This is the fast, whether you ride first-class or third-class. In some of the cars there is a map of the railroad over one bench, and an advertisement of the railroad's hotels facing it, in each compartment. The map strikes me as a most excellent idea. There is also posted in each compartment a statement of the number of persons it is designed to accommodate. "This compartment is for ten persons," was always posted in the third-class and second-class compartments: in the first-class ones the seats are divided by padded arms to accommodate three persons each, or six to the compartment. That is an European custom. Even on shipboard on your way to Europe, you will notice, cast in the iron door frame of every room aboard the vessel, a statement of the number of sailors or passengers or stewards or stokers that may inhabit each apartment.  
A Big Tree.  
A section from the tree cut from the mammoth forest in Tularo county and designed for the World's Fair, weighs 70,000 pounds, and requires three flat cars to carry it. It was cut from a forest giant 312 feet in height, growing at an altitude of 6,325 feet, and was severed from the parent tree twenty-eight feet above the stump, at which point the tree measures sixty feet in circumference. Of course the tree was considerably larger at the stump, but a section from the base could not be cut for the purpose of transportation, for the simple reason that a solid cut was taken off twenty feet diametrically, and nine feet in height, and that was the maximum of the railway freight limit on flat cars.  
The entire piece of wood consists of sixteen sections, as follows: The lower section is one foot by twenty feet in diameter, all in one solid cut, weighing 19,728 pounds. This will be arranged as a floor, placed on nine elegantly carved and enormous pedestals made of the wood of the same tree. The next cut is seven feet in height and twenty feet in diameter, which is hollowed out and will be placed on the floor cut. The last and final cut is one foot high and similar in every respect to the floor cut. The whole of this remarkable curiosity will form a sort of hall, and will accommodate about 100 people, and will be entered by a swinging door made out of one of the portions of the second section. Two hundred and fifty incandescent lights will illuminate the section inside and out, and a number of skilled wood-carvers have been engaged to manufacture souvenirs for distribution among the visitors.—Sailors (Cal.) Index.

## Obedience to the Death.

The editor of Gil Blas, in his last issue, vouches for the truth of this story: Napoleon I. was entertaining the Czar Alexander and the Prussian king at breakfast in Tilsit, when the conversation turned on loyalty.  
"My soldiers obey me blindly," said the czar.  
"And mine are anxious to die for me," added Napoleon.  
At the suggestion of the Prussian king a test of devotion was agreed upon. The royal party were breakfasting in the fifth story of a building that faced a paved street. Each member was to call in one of his soldiers and command him to jump from the window. Napoleon made the first test.  
"Will you obey any order I give you?" asked Napoleon.  
"Yes, sire."  
"Blindly, whatever it is?"  
"Blindly, sire."  
"Then jump out of that window."  
"But I have a wife and two children, sire."  
"I will care for them. Forward!" And the Gardiste Marceau, with a military salute, walked to the window and leaped out.  
"Call a private of the body guard," ordered the czar, whose turn came next. The soldier came.  
"What's your name?"  
"Ivan Ivanovitch."  
"Well, Ivan, just throw yourself out of that window."  
"Yes, father," answered the guardsman, and he did it.  
"Command the bravest of my soldiers to come here," said the Prussian king to his servant. A six-foot Uhlán, with a row of orders across his breast and a scar on his forehead, entered.  
"My friend," explained the king, "to show their loyalty a French and a Russian guardsman have jumped at command from that window. Have you the pluck to do the same?"  
"Is it for the Fatherland?"  
"No."  
"Then I refuse to do it."  
Gil Blas thinks this anecdote contains a lesson for German army officers of the present.

## Some Startling Figures.

It appears that in 1840 the city of New York contained one Protestant church to every 3,000 people; in 1880, one to 3,000; in 1888, one to 4,000. In some of the up-town wards, where the best showing was made, one church sufficed for 5,000 people, while there was one saloon to 125 people. The total population of the city was about 1,500,000, and the total membership of the Protestant churches only about 100,000.

## A Big Currant Bush.

Perhaps the most wonderful currant bush ever seen is owned by R. L. Lonn, of Mayville, N. J. He found the bush growing wild in the woods, took it home and planted it by the side of the house. The bush has grown up the side of the building to a height of about twenty feet, and is about seven feet wide, bearing currants as large as an ordinary cherry.

## LETTING LODGINGS.

How Many Lone Widows Support Them-selves in Large Cities?  
"Gentlemen only" said the lone widow to a New York Tribune reporter. "No, I wish I might put out such a sign as that, but I can't afford to be so particular. You think women are as good as men? So they may be, but all the same, they are an awful lot more bother. Men ain't angels—far from it—but then most of them have the grace to take themselves off to their business early in the morning, and I don't see no more of 'em till night, and then when they are in the house they stay in their rooms and behave themselves, while the women are continually running in and out of my kitchen, carrying pitchers of hot water and slopping up my stairs as they go along. You see most of 'em are bound to wash their duds, in spite of all I can say against it, and the worst of it is, they will bring 'em down to the kitchen to iron 'em, and that is awful worrying to the cook, knowing, as she does, that precious few of 'em will ever give her so much as you might wrap round your finger."  
"And then they will cook besides; not on my stove—I wouldn't allow that—but on oil stoves in their rooms, blackening the ceiling till it makes me sick to look at it, and sometimes keeping the house smelling so strong of fried meat that my best lodgers threaten to leave. Now gentlemen whatever faults they may have, don't do their own washing, and they get their meals in restaurants, and they ain't always coming to me with complaints of the negligence or the 'sass' of the housemaid. How is she to sweep a room properly, I'd like to know, when there's a string stretched clean across it, hung with damp clothes? I don't so much mind that string, though, as I do the way some of them have of plastering their wet handkerchiefs against the wall, and the trouble of ironing 'em, letting the water trickle down for the dust to settle in and ruin the looks of the walls that may be have been newly-painted. No, it ain't only the real poor ones that does this. I have in my house now a public school-teacher getting her thousand-dollar salary, and a draper earning twenty-five dollars a week, and a milliner whose bonnets I can't afford even to look at, and they are so high-priced, and all three of them women, though they go out every Sunday in their tailor-made suits, keep their oil-stoves, and do some of their own washing."  
"Do the men never annoy me? Of course they do. Did you ever see a man that wouldn't throw burnt matches on the front steps when he was going out in the morning? That ain't so bad, though, as dropping lighted cigars on my staircase when I am late at night, and not quite themselves, and then trying to get into the wrong rooms. Require references? Yes, that is a form I have to go through with, though often they don't amount to a row of pins. I go a little by folks' faces but mostly by the way they talk. When a woman is 'too sweet to be wholesome,' I tell her that I don't think any of my rooms will suit her, and when a man comes palavering around me I say the same thing to him.  
"I prefer single gentlemen? That I do! I always have my misgivings when a married couple comes in, for even if there are no children they sometimes make it unpleasant for the other lodgers."  
"As for children, I can make allowances for them, having had five of my own, but then I can't expect the same of my lodgers. There was a baby here last year, in my first floor room, and that child, after keeping quiet all day long, would begin to yell in the evening just as soon as the old bachelor in my first floor back would come into his room, and keep it up so long I couldn't stand a bit surprised when I found that I'd have to give up either the bachelor or the baby—of course the baby was the one I let go. Children after they are big enough to walk and talk ain't so much complained of, but they have an awful bad habit of dropping pieces of pie on the stairs for folks to step on."  
"Men better pay than women? No; when it comes to that, I have less trouble with men. A woman will sometimes stand here and jaw me down to the lowest price I could possibly let a room go at, but after that she will most always pay what she promises; while time and again I've had to threaten young fellows to go to their employers for my room-rent. I don't know as it would do any good, but it gives them a scare, as they naturally like to stand well with them that work for 'em."  
"There is a lot of money in renting out your rooms if you own the house you live in, but if you have house-rent to pay, it is only a hand-to-mouth living that you get out of it. My hall rooms go off easy enough at any time of the year, but sometimes the large ones hang on till I get so discouraged that, if it wasn't for my children, I'd give up the house and go to some other kind of business."

## WHAT A VOICE CAUSED.

The True Story of How President Harrison Won His Wife.  
Editing the river column of a daily in a flourishing Kentucky city on the banks of the Ohio is a genial old gentleman of about sixty years, who but for a ludicrous incident would have cut President Harrison out of his wife. Thaddeus Conant is the name of him who got lost on the playground in the hand of Miss Caroline Scott, and it all came about in this way:  
In the country just back of Cincinnati there used to be a school for boys kept by a fatherly minister named Scott. As an accommodation he sometimes boarded those boys who lived elsewhere, and among his pupils who lived in the house were Harrison and Conant. Like every other boy in the school these two lads succumbed to the charms of pretty Carrie Scott, the sixteen-year-old daughter of the school-teacher. Very soon the contest for Miss Scott's favor was narrowed down to Harrison and Conant, with post odds slightly on the latter. Harrison was a dangerous rival however. He spent much time indoors and around his chamber. Conant was boyish and spent more time on the playground than at his books. When he did talk to his sweetheart he made good use of his time, for by the close of the session it was openly discussed in the school how Thad Conant had become the choice of the principal's daughter.  
There also boarded in the house a youngster named Torian, and he was the cause of all the trouble. Torian was not different from the boys in one thing—he had a thin, girlish voice, that sounded like a pipe-organ with vox humana stop pulled out. It was a physical

and never changed to the guttural tones of manhood. This Torian and Conant were intimate friends. One evening just before an examination, in some study Conant and Torian determined to break a rule by remaining after the retiring bell had sounded and studying a little for the coming examination. They did not go to bed at the usual time, but remained up, though they did much more idle talking than studying. They were none too careful about the pitch of their voices, and the doctor on one of his nocturnal prowls in search of offenders passed the door. He could not overhear the conversation, but gathered enough to make up his mind on the course he was to follow.  
Right after breakfast the next morning Dr. Scott and young Conant met in secret session. When the boy got out of the doctor's office he was laughing. Calling his fellows up he told them how old Scott had heard Torian talking in his room and thought it was Lizzy, the house-girl. The miniature scandal caused much fun for awhile, but it got to the ears of Miss Carrie. Her views on the matter can best be imagined, for she would not have anything more to do with Conant. The school closed soon afterward and Conant did not return for the ensuing session. When he next heard of his youth and sweetheart it was in connection with her marriage to Ben Harrison.  
He never saw her again. Conant told the story on himself to a representative of the Chicago Times, and laughingly added that he had other reasons than being a Democrat for voting against Ben Harrison.  
ROUTED BY GRASSHOPPERS.  
A Flock of Turkeys Put to Flight by the Frenzied Insects.  
Farmer James C. Fairchild, of the Upper Paupack region, asserted to a Scranton (Pa.) correspondent of the New York Sun that he had never known grasshoppers to be as thick in this place as they have been during August. In a three-acre field of late rye the insects were so numerous that they ate all the blades of the stalks and sucked all the juice out of them before the crop was ripe. One day Farmer Fairchild left his white vest at the edge of the lot, and when he went to put it on at night he found that the grasshoppers had eaten hundreds of holes in it. The grasshoppers seemed to increase several fold each day in that particular field, and it appeared to him as though they came out of the ground nearly full grown.  
As soon as the rye was put into the barn, he turned the turkeys into the stubble. A high stone wall surrounds the lot, and the turkeys drove the hordes of grasshoppers ahead of them, and gobbled up what they wanted. One day the turkeys drove apparently millions of the insects into a corner of the field. They couldn't get over the wall or through it, and several bushels of the grasshoppers, Farmer Fairchild declared, turned upon his flock of turkeys and came within an ace of swamping them. The fowls were completely covered with grasshoppers, and the insects kept coming at them so thick and fast that the turkeys finally took to their legs and wings and went squalling toward the center of the lot as though something had scared them half to death.  
After a little, one of the gobblers rallied the flock and led them back to the corner. He gobbled a number of times on the way and the other turkeys marched abreast of him and gobbled defiantly at the grasshoppers, the hens bringing up the rear and talking saucily as they marched. Well, up toward the corner of the field the flock spread out, and in a moment innumerable wings were buzzing toward the wall. Pretty soon the grasshoppers were as thick in the corner as they had been before. There wasn't room for them all, and again they turned upon the turkeys and the turkeys turned tail in an instant, skeddaddled across the lot and flew over the bars into the roadway. The fowls had plainly been badly scared by the grasshoppers, and since then Farmer Fairchild has been unable to get his turkeys to stay in the rye field for ten minutes at a time.  
LEANED ON HIS LUCK.  
And Thirty Cents Came to Him Just in the Nick of Time.  
"I had a most extraordinary piece of luck last Sunday," remarked a young broker to a New York Tribune reporter a day or two ago, "and for it I have been thanking a kind Providence ever since. I invited a girl cousin to go down to Long Beach for the afternoon, take supper there and return in the early evening. After we started I discovered that I had somehow brought only \$2.00 with me. I had one railroad ticket, but with another required, two suppers, car fares and ferrage, figure as I wanted. I was just about twenty cents short. It was one of those horrible cases of smiling and joking without, and a sort of whited sepulcher within, wondering wildly how to pull through.  
"We reached the beach, and I was revolving the plan of throwing myself on the mercy of the clerk and offering a check, when we stopped in on our stroll along shore to examine some shells and seaweed, when I blam'd if lying right in my feet wasn't thirty cents—a quarter and a nickel.  
"I stooped down and picked them up in a hurry.  
"What have you found?" asked my companion.  
"A little silver, I said, carelessly.  
"Oh, how lovely. How much?"  
"Only thirty cents, I said, as though I was disappointed at not finding a bag of it. I wasn't disappointed. Never was so happy in my life. It was just enough to pull me through, and I reached home with ten cents, but I tell you it don't do to lean on your luck like that every day."  
A Coal-Black German.  
A coal-black negro was asked his name in a New York police court the other day, and a court interpreter found that the only language the man knew was German. His name is Joseph Steinmetz, and he lived all his life in Berlin, where he was brought from the Congo in babyhood. He came to this country recently, and fell in with some natives from the fatherland, and the "good time" they had landed them in the police court, but the justice was so astonished that he let the colored German citizen depart at once.  
Rather Ambiguous.  
"I see by your sign that you are a dispensing druggist."  
"Yes, sir."  
"What do you dispense with?"  
"With accuracy, sir."  
"I was afraid you did."

Sept  
THE RU  
A Wild Race  
Freight  
"Want to hear a  
happened to have  
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mountain.  
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of the heavy grad  
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"Matt Irwin was  
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"Sixty-seven had  
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he asked, abruptly  
"Just as soon as  
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work yet. Will you  
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left the track anyw  
sack grade and the  
would be as good as  
escape. You'll—"  
"I'll go," said old  
up.  
"And your friend  
"I'll take Harry,  
be a dark run to-ni  
strange hands abou  
understand each o  
"That was as fin  
Matt ever gave, and  
"I was only little p  
The superintendent  
me, and turning to  
"A lone engin  
picion, so we'll mak  
They'll all be empt  
the offices before y  
we'll put the safe u  
tender."  
"That was all. I  
disappeared. For so  
I sat staring at each  
off his seat and g  
There was a gasp  
"This won't do  
supper! We haven't  
It only lacks a few  
back before the qua  
"The wind was w  
cars, whisking the  
about, while in the  
cloud was coming u  
chain lightning. Al  
promised to be unus  
"I was back on t  
there before me. H  
shaded steam-gaug  
scanning a small p  
"What do you m  
he asked, as I clim  
"I found it pinned  
"On it was scrawle  
right the words:  
"Danger! Don't pu  
till you value your  
"I make it that  
the superintendent  
I replied, the cold s  
chase each other u  
"There's danger ab  
"Aye, there is da  
old Matt spoke soft  
heard him before. "I  
"I'll go down the  
quickly, knowing wh  
say.  
"Then we'll go t  
the wheels out from  
the wipers!"  
"And, without wait  
to run the engine ou  
her on the turn  
wipers swung her  
backed down to the  
the trusty men soon  
under the coal.  
"A few minutes lat  
na to a half-dozen  
and a caboose.  
"There's your ord  
the yellow sheets of  
"Old Matt looked t  
began to move out  
"We've got a clo  
looking across at me



## THE RUN OF 67.

## A Wild Race with a Runaway Freight Train.

"Want to hear how a man of my age happened to have gray hair? Well, of course you know it's premature. I am only twenty-seven. And six years ago, and this is how it happened."

Having often wondered how it was that Harry Bailey should possess a head of hair the color of clean cotton and the stoop of a man of sixty, while still young in years, it was with a feeling of satisfaction that I prepared to listen to the explanation:

"It was in Colorado, on one of the wildest and roughest railroads I know of. The scenery was similar to that of the Denver & Rio Grande on Dump mountain."

"At the bottom, the road-bed was forced in against the opposite mountain by a noisy little river, that ran some thirty feet below. There were three tracks on the mountain side, and, standing on any one of the three, the other two could be seen."

"The road was stocked with Baldwin engines, and, to facilitate the climbing of the heavy grades, they had small driving-wheels."

"A man from an 67, which was used in the passenger service. She had the largest drivers on the road, and they only measured forty-eight inches in diameter."

"Matt Irwin was the engineer. He was a crabbed, cross, little, old man, with a bald head and an iron nerve. He had been on the road ever since it had been constructed, and he was so thick that the officers should respect him—which they did in a way—instead of vice versa."

"Sixty-seven had just been housed after a run. I was filling the oil-cans and Matt was hauling off his overalls, when Mr. Fox, the superintendent, climbed into the cab."

"After a few commonplace remarks, he asked abruptly:

"Matt, how soon can 67 go out?"

"Just as soon as I can pull on my overalls," was the reply. "Her steam hasn't been blown out yet, and her fire hasn't been drawn."

"The superintendent looked at both of us rather hard, as though he was sizing us up, and then he said, awful solemn:

"Matt, you've been with us a long time. You've been tried and not found wanting. Tonight we call on you to perform the most dangerous piece of work yet. Will you do it?"

"Matt's eyes looked as large as saucers in the dim light of the cab. I confess I was trembling myself."

"What is it?" he asked.

"There's been a big mistake made in the higher offices—but that is not for us to criticize—and there is but one way to rectify it. Here the superintendent's voice dropped to a whisper. 'One hundred and fifty thousand dollars in gold has got to be in B— before midnight, to connect with the Eastern express, and you're the man selected to take it through.'"

"Old Matt showed his astonishment with his eyes, but never opened his mouth. As for me, I was so excited by this time that I had to stop my work, because I poured more oil on the floor than I did in the engine."

"As I said before," went on the superintendent, "it's dangerous business. There are men in town to-night who, if they knew the nature of this run, would ditch you to secure the fortune. Guards would only excite suspicion, and if you left the track anywhere between Haverstock grade and the bottom, one man would be as good as fifty, for none could escape. You'll—"

"I'll go," said old Matt, straightening up.

"And your fireman?"

"I'll take Harry, here. It's going to be a dark run to-night, and I don't want strange hands about the engine. We understand each other."

"That was as fine a compliment as Matt ever gave, and I felt proud. But I was only listless potatoes in this deal. The superintendent merely glanced at me, and, turning to Matt, continued:

"A lone engine might create suspicion, so we'll make up a wild freight. They'll all be empty. Back down to the offices before you couple on, and we'll put the safe under the coal in the tender."

"That was all. He jumped off and disappeared. For some time Matt and I sat staring at each other, then he slid off his seat and said:

"This won't do! Supper, Harry—supper! We haven't much time to lose. Only lacks a few minutes of six. Be back before the quarter."

"The wind was whistling among the trees, whisking the dust and papers about, while in the south a big black cloud was coming up, resplendent with lightning. Altogether, the night promised to be unusually bad."

"I was back on time, but Matt was before me. He had lighted the steam-gauge lamp, and stood examining a small piece of pasteboard."

"What do you make of this, Harry?" he asked, as I climbed up beside him. I found it pinned to my cushion."

"On it was scrawled, with a lead pencil, the words:

"Danger! Don't pull the wild freight to-night if you value your lives."

"I make it that some one besides the superintendent and us knows of it," replied, the cold shivers beginning to chase each other up my spinal column. There's danger ahead!"

"Yes, there is danger, my boy," and old Matt spoke softer than I had ever heard him before. "If you want to get off to go where you lead," I replied, quickly, knowing what he was going to say."

"Then we'll go through if it takes the wheels out from under! Ring up the wipers!"

"And, without waiting for the hostler to run the engine out, old Matt backed on to the turn-table, where the wipers swung her around, and then we backed down to the offices, where four men soon had the square safe rolled to the coal."

"A few minutes later we were coupled to a half-dozen empty freight cars and a caboose."

"There's your orders," cried Jimmy Connor, the conductor, shoving up the yellow sheets of tissue-paper."

"Old Matt looked them over and we began to move out of town."

"We've got a clear track," he said, looking across at me; and then he drew up to the corner of his mouth, and I looked for a quick run."

"Before we reached the outskirts of the town the rain began to come down

in a perfect deluge. Great drops, mixed with hail, and in such quantity that the dry drains were soon transformed into raging creeks."

"The wind howled and shrieked above the rumble of the train and threatened to lift 67 off the rails. When the telegraph poles began to snap off Matt's face began to lengthen."

"Good night for wash-overs," he said. "And wash-overs are as bad as washouts!"

"It was all down grade and all the steam used to run the air-pump. I had only to keep the fire alive."

"Eight miles down we ran past a small station where a freight train was side-tracked. It had perhaps a dozen cars."

"Just before we reached it I saw a man dart in between two of the cars to escape the head-light."

"I thought him either a trainman or a tramp, but have since changed my mind."

"We were half way down the Haverstock grade, with a straight stretch of track and a long curve before us, when Matt looked across and said:

"I'm afraid the little pasteboard was only a scare. If—"

"There was the flash of a light behind, the rattle of coal, and Bob Duncan, the forward brakeman, stood in the cab. His face was as white as a sheet."

"Shut her down—shut her down, for Heaven's sake!" he shouted. "A freight's broke loose and is coming down the grade two miles a minute!"

"Before you could snap your fingers my face was as pale as Bob's."

"Matt Irwin never lost his head, and, with a coolness that comes to few men in a time of danger, he asked: 'How do you know?'

"Seen her by a flash of lightning. O'Connor and Billy have jumped!"

"And then he swung out on the step and disappeared."

"Jump, if you want to, Harry," called old Matt. "I'm going to stick to her!"

"I gave one look at the Egyptian darkness and concluded that I would stay with old Matt."

"Keep your eye peeled for her," he cried, and commenced to let 67 out."

"The runaway got up to the first notch and opened the throttle."

"With seven cars behind we shot down the grade of one hundred and seventy-five feet to the mile."

"67 set low in her frame; but every low joint rung her bell for an eighth of a mile. She jumped and swayed and threatened to leave the rails. The wind shrieked around us like a thousand demons, and the rain poured against the windows in a perfect storm."

"There's danger ahead and death behind," shouted the old engineer. "If the rain loosens a bowlder and drops it on the track—"

"I shuddered. There was the blasted pine that marked the curve. The next second we reached it. For a moment I thought it was all over. Then 67 moved on, and the rain poured against the windows in a perfect storm."

"We were very near to the bottom now, where the road-bed followed the river, and engineers were cautioned not to run over fifteen miles per hour."

"But orders were not respected that night. We were making thirty miles an hour when a flash of lightning showed me that dark string of cars coming around the curve. The blazing box was on the opposite side and invisible."

"Old Matt gave 67 the steam so suddenly she seemed to jump from under us; but the runaway was not more than half a mile behind and coming with the speed of a tornado."

"There was no getting out of the way. In a moment it would be on us. I imagined I could see the black mass coming down on us in the darkness, when a heavy rumble was heard, followed by a tremendous crash."

"The rain had loosened the rock and dirt overhanging the track, and it only needed the jar of the passage of 67 to set it in motion."

"Something like a thousand tons of debris rolled on to the track directly behind us, and into this those runaway cars plunged."

"But we did not find this out until afterward. Matt kept 67 up to what was a tremendous speed on that track. She plunged and rolled and rang her bell continually. A dozen times I thought we were going into the river."

"We pulled through all right; but that was the last trip he on it. I got off the engine my hair was streaked with gray, and now it is as white as snow."

"For some time it was thought that the runaway cars had broke loose; but the company became suspicious and had the case looked into with the result of running down some tough characters, who finally confessed to cutting them loose with the intention of ditching us between Haverstock grade and the bottom and securing the treasure."

"Old Matt has retired from the road; but I do not think that either he or I shall ever forget the run of 67."—W. F. BRUNS, in Golden Days.

**Puss Adopts Three Chickens.**  
An East Searskmont (Me.) lad is the possessor of three small chickens which he has been keeping in a barrel. The other day he missed one and hunted everywhere without finding it. The next day another disappeared in the same unaccountable manner. The boy then resolved to watch and was soon rewarded by seeing the old house cat steal slyly into the barrel, grasp the remaining chicken carefully by the neck and march off with it. Following her upstairs into the garret, what was his surprise to find the other two chickens safely cuddled in a nest of old clothes with two kittens, as happy as could be. The cat carefully placed the last chicken in the nest and got in as calmly as if the whole family belonged to her. The chickens were uninjured and contented in their new quarters, says the Belfast Age; but we suspect that puss was laying in a supply of provisions for the future.

**The New English Census.**  
The questions to be asked by the new English census are those in regard to the name, age, sex, profession or occupation, condition as to marriage, relation to head of family and birth-place of every person who abode in any house on the night of the census day, showing also whether any such person was blind, or deaf and dumb or imbecile or lunatic. The only new question to be put is one recommended by the census committee—namely, where the occupier is in occupation of less than five rooms, as to the number of rooms occupied by him. One particular that was asked for at the last census and is now omitted, in accordance with the committee's recommendation, is the "rank" of each person.

## A DREADFUL CHILD.

An oldrich tale, worthy of the darkest and palest days of the middle ages, comes from the little hamlet of Pomponk, up in Columbia County, where a child is said to have been born of late which defies competition, although, fortunately, it does not baffles description, says the New York Times. While asleep or at rest it appears to differ in no respect from the ordinary child of the wrong side of life. A baby is one thing and a ghost is another, although doubtless both are equally mysterious, and it is quite certain that this invariably dress all in white. The other seems able only to kick and wriggle, easily making the essential distinction between them. There are, however, a few peculiarities which will make almost any woman to tell at a glance whether a particular object is a ghost or a baby, although those peculiarities might not readily find accurate definition even at the hands of a woman of most unusual discernment and profound sagacity.

As has already been remarked, the Columbia County child, when asleep or at rest, seems, even to the female eye and heart, to be nothing but a baby. Its complexion, perhaps is not all that could be desired; there is a slight suspicion of incongruity—a certain disparity of proportions—between the molding of its nose and that of its upper lip, and there is a paucity of hair, or rather of fuzz, on its head, and these things can hardly fail to produce a painful impression upon the mind of any unprejudiced observer. Just as they do in all cases in which very young infants are involved. At all events, every woman who sees it sleeping and who is not acquainted with the little peculiarities exhibits in its waking moments declares that it is simply a lovely, little, precious darling—which it isn't by any means.

For when, rousing from its slumbers, it opens its bright eyes upon the world, it neither lies still nor begins to wail like an ordinary baby of its age. Rather does it assume a look of intense intelligence, a little kitten, climbs over the side of the cradle in a jiffy, and, if left in undisturbed possession of itself, sets about to have a lively frolic, in which one of its legs does for it duties similar to those which a kitten's tail sometimes does for the kitten. While engaged in this sort of exercise it will tumble heels over head and roll about on the floor like any ball, and doing itself no more harm than that of a gutta-serena child. If a spoon or some small object of the kind be thrown to it, this uncanny babe will toss it about, boxing it now with one tiny hand and now with the other, picking it up with its toes and throwing it over its head, and scampering about, as fully acquainted with the relations of the minor things of this world as a cat of nine tails would be. Its arms are very strong, and its hands have so good a grip that it can pull itself up a rope and clamber to the top of a bedpost, where it will sit for some time calmly surveying the spectators with an air of sagacity appalling to behold in one so young. It is, of course, impossible to give any satisfactory explanation of the singular conduct of this interesting babe, although, undoubtedly, mere perversity and nature's love for freaks has something to do with the matter.

**THEIR LITTLE JOKE.**  
Three Members of Congress Mystify a New England Editor.

There are not many Irishmen in this Congress. Three of the best known sons of Erin are Lawler, McAdoo and Quinn. This trio walked up to the Capitol together the other morning, writes a Washington correspondent, and at the door of the rotunda were met by a new guide who escorted them to the seats of the three Congressmen.

Seated, and were taken into stately hall to hear the echoes. "Now you stand right here," said the guide, placing the trio on the well-known stones, "and listen. I will move back fifty feet and whisper to you, and you will hear my voice as if I were by your side." All this was done, and the guide whispered, then spoke, and finally shouted, but no word did either of the trio hear. Thinking that probably he had made a mistake and put his victims on the wrong stones, he moved them against the wall and said to them: "This is the whispering gallery. You stand here and I will go across the room and whisper against the wall. You will hear me as if I were at your ear." Again the guide whispered but met with no response. Then he gradually raised his voice to a shout, but the trio of Congressmen kept their ears against the wall and made no sign.

Rejoicing his customers, the guide explained that for some reason, probably on account of the humidity in the atmosphere, the echoes were not working well to-day, and invited his guests to take a look at the House of Representatives. Arriving at the main entrance of the Capitol, the guide asked the trio to follow him to the House of Representatives. He told them they couldn't go in there, that was only for members. "O yes, but we can," said Mr. Lawler, and flipping the astonished guide one dollar the joking trio disappeared within.

**Don't Fool with Perspiration.**  
Considering all that has been written and published about sun-stroke, and the danger that arises from a dry, non-perspiring skin, it is really amazing how many people call for preparations to prevent perspiration. There are several of these, and they are all effective, the main ingredient in each being the same. The effect is not only to stop perspiration wherever the product is applied, but, also to increase the temperature several degrees and seriously injure the skin. Ladies, of course, use such complexion preservers more than men, but there are not wanting young men who, to keep up a spotless appearance, will subject themselves to annoyances and take dangerous chances. The only legitimate manner to check perspiration is to keep quiet and avoid excessive exercise.

**INSTINCT OF PLANTS.**  
A Number of Interesting Experiments with Maderia Vines.

The correspondent of Garden and Forest describes some interesting experiments with Maderia vines, which illustrates how closely the actions of certain plants resemble those of animals. The experimenter's attention had been attracted to the peculiar movements of the vine in its spiral ascent of a stick. We quote his report of the experiments.

If allowed to grow a few inches above the support, the extremity of the plant will sway backward and forward a few hours, and then will enter on a regular revolving movement, always from right to left, or contrary to the direction in which the head of a watch moves. One revolution is made in three hours.

One of the plants observed began to grow on April first, and at the end of sixteen days it was eighteen inches high. It was too heavy to stand erect, and began to fall away from the post, which stood on a table, toward the floor. This was done gradually and apparently with conscious care. It seemed to feel at times that it was letting itself down too fast and would stop with a jerk, like a nodding child half asleep.

When the plant began describing ellipses about three inches in diameter with its upturned extremity. On the nineteenth it was twenty-six inches in length, and would describe a crescent-shaped loop seven inches in length and about six inches wide in all positions.

## LINCOLN AND GRANT.

A Couple of Fresh Stories About the Great War Heroes.

Ex-Governor Ashley, of Montana, lately told a New York Tribune reporter some interesting stories of President Lincoln's kind-heartedness. "I consider President Lincoln," he said, "one of the most remarkable men who ever lived, as his kindness of heart was shown to all men at all times."

I remember once when Carl Schurz, who was with the army, had sent a letter to the President without consulting his commanding officer. Of course, this was a breach of discipline not to be countenanced, and he subsequently wrote a letter of apology to Mr. Lincoln. The President replied by letter: "Never mind; come and see me."

Of course, when Schurz went, he began to apologize profusely, but the President, seeing how it was, said he was, and said in a kindly tone, "Never mind, Schurz. I guess before we get through talking you won't think I am so bad a man as some people say I am."

That kindness broke Schurz all up. "Another time I saw him give a pardon for a soldier sentenced to be shot, on the supposition of the poor fellow's wife and daughters. Of course there was a most pathetic scene, and many of the bystanders cried. After signing the pardon the President said: 'Well, I have made one family happy, but I don't know about the discipline of the army.'"

Mr. Ashley also told some good stories about General Grant, of whom he was a loyal and ardent admirer. Among them he related one of a circumstance on the evening of the first day's battle of Shiloh, which had been said.

"At that time," he said, "when any man might have felt disturbed, the quartermaster came to General Grant and told him that if he was again defeated on the next day he could not transport the troops (about 65,000 in number), if it was necessary to cross the river."

"Grant asked him: 'How many can you handle?'"

"Ten thousand," replied the Quartermaster.

"Well," said General Grant, quietly, "if we are defeated, you will be able to carry all that are left."

"So you see," said Mr. Ashley, "what determination Grant had. He simply determined to win or be annihilated."

**WOMEN SPECULATORS.**  
The Gentler Sex Seized by the Rags for Wall Street Gambling.

Marie Antoinette Nathalie Pollard, a Virginia woman who has become well known in the South and on the Pacific slope, intended to apply for a license to the Consolidated Stock Exchange, says the New York Press. Several brokers have told her that they can see no reason why she should not become a member, even though she is a woman. If the board of managers act favorably on Mrs. Pollard's application she will probably be the first woman in the world to become a member of a stock exchange. She speculated in California mining stocks a few years ago and says she made \$30,000.

"Do you know that there are between 300 and 400 women who speculate in Wall Street?" asked Mrs. Pollard the other day as she sat in her attractively fitted up office. "It may surprise you, but it is a fact. They are successful, too, and make as much money as the men. We ladies are quiet about what we do. Many lady speculators have husbands who object to their speculating. As it is their own money that they use; they speculate on the quiet."

"Most lady speculators are bulls. They buy, but do not sell often. I do not know why this is so. I know that when I was speculating I was a buyer. One stock I had invested in went way down. I held on to it for a long time, and finally it went up and I made on it."

"It is easy to make money in stocks if one only keeps one's eyes open. Of course if you buy at random you are in great danger of losing. I suppose there are ladies who fancy that all they have to do to get rich is to throw some money into Wall Street. That is a great mistake."

"Most of the ladies who speculate are women of means who want to increase their wealth, but there are a good many who have only a few dollars, say \$20 or more, and invest it here and make."

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**HER STEAMER FRIEND.**  
How a St. Paul Woman Acquired Some Worldly Wisdom.

A well-known St. Paul woman, who, not long ago made a "little journey in the world," came back with some worldly wisdom as to the indiscriminate making of friends that she had never had before, says the New York Evening Sun. It was on her way home from a "little journey" in this way. Her "little journey" was across the water, and while on the homeward-bound ship she found herself one day engaged in the most animated and pleasing conversation with a man who sat near her chair on the deck. There was something wonderfully pleasing in his personality; he was evidently a person of culture, and with a wonderful fund of knowledge at his command. His entire bearing toward her was one of such exquisite tact and deference that the two soon became warm friends, and spent long hours each day exchanging opinions upon all kinds of impersonal topics. By and by, just before the steamship reached New York, it transpired that the man, himself still unknown, had known all along who the lady was and where her home was. When she asked him in surprise how he could have known her he answered briefly: "I am a St. Paul man myself." This gave the kindly little woman an opportunity. "Then my husband and I will be glad to see you any time in our home," she said cordially.

"Pardon me, madam," he answered frankly, "we have been friends on board the steamship. But when we return to St. Paul neither you nor your husband would receive me in your home, and you would be fully justified in begging you will not visit the reason."

And she did not. But when a few hours later her husband met her on the pier and she pointed her late friend out to him with the whispered story he answered slowly: "Well, he has behaved like a gentleman, and I won't thrash him. But he was quite right in what he said. He is one of the best known confidence men in the United States."

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hours. On the twenty-third it revolved with less regularity, and at times dropped as if weary or discouraged in trying to find something on which to entwine itself.

On the twenty-sixth a new route of travel was begun, consisting of a circle on the left, a circle on the right, and so on, alternately. The track of the extremity of the vine was traced with a pencil, and at the end of twelve hours it measured six feet and nine inches.

On May first the vine was lifted and tied to a vertical support. It remained quiet for two days, and then began growing again.

Another vine, during several days of cloudy weather, uncoiled itself from its stick and reached away toward the light from an angle of forty-five degrees with the horizon. It was carefully recoiled about its stick, but when it had grown about three inches longer, it unwound itself and stood away toward the window as before. Time after time it was brought back to the support, but invariably fell it, until bright, sunny weather returned, after which it showed no disposition to stop its twining growth.

Attempts were made to induce another plant to grow in a direction opposite to its normal one, but no ingenuity could deceive it as to its proper course.

**JONES OF NEVADA.**  
The Foundation of the Senator's Wealth Laid by a Crab Stake.

When John P. Jones, now United States Senator and many times a millionaire, was keeping a grocery store at Tuolumne, Cal., in the days of gold-hunting on the Pacific slope, was a miner—a poor prospector who, like most of his kind, was always "broke." One day he called on Jones. "Say, Jones, I think I've got a bonanza in that claim of mine," said the poor miner.

Jones smiled. He had heard these stories before. He knew how great expectations were frequently never realized. Time, labor and money were usually wasted on what looked like something rich but had developed into snags, so Jones merely smiled.

"It's a big thing," persisted his visitor, and he proceeded to explain what the claim was and his reasons for being so sanguine. After several hours' talk the miner asked for an advance of \$1,000 with which to buy tools and food. Jones demurred. A thousand dollars was a big enough sum, saved, as it had been, with much trouble and labor. But after all \$1,000 did not figure in comparison with the profits of a good mine. Jones finally told the miner he would see what could be done.

After nightfall and after the Chinese employed in the neighborhood had taken their departure, Mr. Jones allowed the miners of his fire to die out. When satisfied no one was about he scraped away the ashes, raised the stone on which the fire was built, and weighed out the necessary gold dust to make the \$1,000. These little preparations were always taken in that region, where even robbers were more plentiful than fortunes.

The tools were bought, Jones lending the money and the miner



